

Children's Newspaper, October 9, 1926

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## A TRAVELLER ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

### A WHALE ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

#### LEVIATHAN COMES ASHORE

Remarkable Journey on the Great North Road

#### THE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENS

By Our Natural Historian

If a whale and an elephant should meet there would be a battle royal, one of our old sayings goes. This apparently impossible thing might have happened the other day in England had an elephant been present, for the whale was there, alive and kicking, within 30 miles of London! The almost impossible actually did happen, for a whale came nearly to London along the King's highway.

It was a half-grown female lesser porpoise, some 16 feet long and weighing about a ton and a half, which had been caught by the tide at Mablethorpe and left on the shore.

#### An Unparalleled Journey

Although whales are mammals, breathing air, they cannot live on land, simply because their enormous weight causes them to crush their chests and so bring death; but conditions were favourable in this case. The whale did not die in an hour, but actually survived for three days.

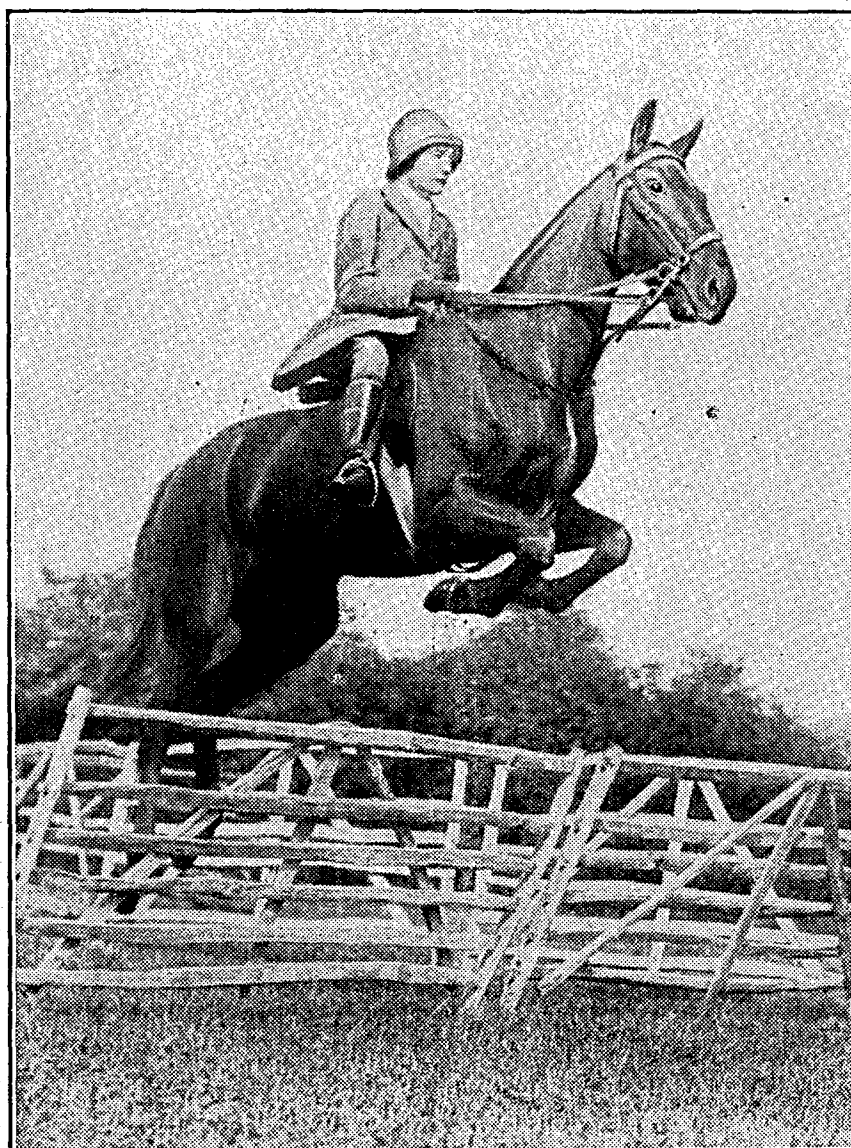
In that time it made an unparalleled journey. An official of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington was sent down to fetch it, and he got it, still alive, on to a motor-lorry, and set out to drive it to London, 160 miles away, on the Great North Road. Never was there such a scene on land since the tiny people of Lilliput found Gulliver asleep and made him prisoner. It took 500 of their giants to lift the captive on to their land-carriage and 1500 horses to haul it to the capital, but for the whale there was power from petrol to do the hauling.

#### The Whale Spouts

Certainly the procession with the captive man can have occasioned no greater astonishment in Lilliput than the carriage of the whale. Every 16 seconds it spouted—that is to say, it forced out air from its lungs and drew in fresh, and at each inspiration it gave a great heave with its tail, and sought to dive. The noise of its spouting drowned the roar of the engine; it terrified and amazed the passers-by, and caused one man to ask if the creature had "been run over." A kindly old lady inquired if it needed food, and whether she might buy it a loaf of bread.

We do not know if there was any suffering involved in this amazing journey, but we are satisfied that the Natural History Museum was in control. There are few kinder people anywhere. The officials say that every effort was made

### Here am I, Little Jumping Joan



Little Miss Joan Bickley, a ten-year-old horsewoman of Shrewsbury, has won the rider's blue ribbon of Wales for jumping in the Women's Open Class. She is a wonderful rider and has over 130 successes to her credit. She owns nine ponies, which she has herself broken in, and she manages her own stables.

to refloat the animal, and the attempt was only given up when the coastguards said it was impossible. It is doubtful whether it could have been killed quickly, and they are satisfied that the whale was practically unconscious during the journey.

Towns were rushed through to avoid crowds, but in villages where the lorry halted the entire population turned out to see the sight, and all along the Great North Road motorists, horse-drivers, and pedestrians, as they heard the roar of the breathing and saw the huge carcass heaving on the lorry, were astounded beyond measure.

The whale had been two days ashore before its land journey began, and it lived 15 hours on the lorry. Then it burst a blood-vessel and died, only 30 miles from London, having covered 130 miles overland, a thing no whale has ever done since the ancient days when whales and seals and sea-snakes were all walking about on land.

It had been hoped that the whale might live until it reached London, in order that its breathing mechanism

could be studied; but there would have been no way of feeding it very long. The task of sustaining Gulliver was so costly, as he ate his food in dozens of little basketfuls and drank from hogshead after hogshead, that his appetite produced a national crisis and caused the mob to plot his death. We must have had some such predicament here had this whale lived, for its meal consists of hundreds of thousands of crustaceans, which can be found only in the sea.

So its death prevented its starvation. A burst blood-vessel in the lungs brought the end. But the carcass reached the museum in excellent preservation, and the scientific staff there set to work to make a plaster cast of the great form, and afterwards to reduce the body to a skeleton, which will be exhibited by and by in the Whale Room of the museum.

The museum needs a new room for whales, and has long been promised one; now it must needs have it to house this colossus which breathed out its last gasp on the King's highway. Picture on page 12

### HIDDEN TREASURE

#### ROMANS BURYING IT WHILE THE EMPIRE FELL

##### A Lancashire Carter's Discovery of 400 Coins

#### THE HEN IN FACT AND FABLE

The other day a Lancashire carter shovelling sand from a pit on the golf links at Knott End, near Fleetwood, removed a stone three feet beneath the surface and found a number of Roman coins. After he had finished some hens busily entered the pit and scratched up still more. There were upwards of 400 in all, coins of Imperial Rome when she was Mistress of the World.

To the carter they were of small account; to the hens they were of as little value as the diamond which the cockerel in the fable found. "Ah," said he, "if thine owner had found thee, and not I, he would have taken thee up, and have set thee in thy first estate; but I have found thee for no purpose, for I would rather have one barleycorn than all the jewels in the world."

#### A Roman and His Troubles

In some such words might these Roman coins have been addressed. If their original owner could have returned to take them out of their hiding-place the history of the world would have been different. For these coins were not first lost in the earth; they were hidden there, and their presence beneath the stone tells of a Roman and his troubles, a Roman who was recalled to fight for the Eternal City the Goth was plundering, for a world-empire which was falling beneath the hands of the barbarians.

If we glance at our history of the period as recorded in the old Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we find two brief but thrilling entries, nine years apart:

A.D. 409. This year the Goths took the city of Rome by storm, and after this the Romans never ruled Britain. Altogether they ruled in Britain 470 years since Julius Caesar first sought the land.

A.D. 418. This year the Romans collected all the treasures that were in Britain, and some they hid in the earth, so that no one has since been able to find them.

#### Tottering to Ruin

They meant to come back for what they had buried in the soil of Britain.

They did not know they were leaving for ever this land which was the youngest son of Rome; they could not dream that the mightiest empire in the world was tottering into ruin, that when they left Britain they would see the land no more, that it would cease to be a Roman province, that the horrors of the Dark Ages were about to spread over Europe, and that Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Normans were to succeed them here, to weld a nation which was to rise to heights greater than the old Mistress of the World had known.



## PATHETIC APPEAL TO TRAVELLERS

### THE GREEDY MAN AND HIS DINNER TABLE

Please Do Not Eat the Little  
Birds of Italy

### THE GLUTTON AT HOME

By Our Natural Historian

A pathetic appeal for the little birds of Italy has been sent out by the friends of the birds in Switzerland.

The Swiss Society for the Protection of Birds is calling upon travellers to do all they can to save the birds of the neighbouring country by refusing to eat them in hotels and restaurants. The autumn migration of birds is one of the natural wonders of the world, yet it is this annual wonder, so marvellous that it is beyond all understanding, which is disturbed every year by the tragic interference of the bird-catchers who cater for the appetite of gluttons.

#### Birds Offered in Bundles

In the markets are all kinds of small birds, offered in bundles, and on the hotel menus appears again and again the word "uccelli," meaning birds. Many travellers who abominate the murder of small birds and read with horror of the slaughter with traps, snares, and lured twigs, which are a feature of the countryside at this season, will yet order dishes from these birds, explaining by way of excuse that they are now dead and it is interesting to discover how they taste. If diners would determinedly refuse every preparation of uccelli such dishes would disappear from the menu.

#### Protecting the Plover

It is not only for Italy's birds that we must appeal, but for our own, for we, too, have gluttons, gluttons who would eat larks and nightingales. And we have patriots (of the political brand) who are not ashamed to eat the plover, the best unpaid worker the farmer ever had. It is good to know that there is a great chance of the passing of the new law which will protect the plover.

Why are plover eggs taken and sent to market? Because they fetch high prices. Why do they fetch high prices? Because they are, as it were, forbidden food, and few in proportion to the demand, forbidden, not by law, but by conscience. They have not a tithe of the value of the eggs of ducks and hens. It is merely that they are rare, and the glutton has usually a preference for what other people cannot get.

#### A Friend of the Farmer

Not in our time alone, but in all ages, it has been so. The Romans in their worst days killed peacocks by the hundred, to eat only their brains, and nightingales in thousands, to eat only their tongues. And for years it has been the habit to rob the nest of the plover each year, to send the eggs to market, and leave the fields a prey to the pests which are its natural food.

The farmers, who are never given to enthusiasm over birds, admit that this one is the best ally they have; no one has been able to make a charge against the priceless plover. The poet sings:

O little plover still circling over

Your nest in clover, your house of love,

Sure none dare harm it and none alarm it

While you are keeping your watch above;

but his words have no meaning for the pitiful creature who tracks down a nest for its eggs, a bird for its body. Both eggs and dead birds disgrace the shop fronts of our poulterers. Our friend Punch is stopping advertisements of Drink: will not our newspapers stop advertising firms that sell plover eggs?

The case of the plover is like that of the little pig in the fable. "Why do you scream so when our master comes to catch you? He often handles us, but

## A TORRENT OF MUD

### Amazing Sight in the Alps

A correspondent of the C.N. saw a remarkable torrent of mud in the Swiss Alps near Montreux recently.

Many days of hot sunshine had melted the snow on the peaks of the Dent du Midi, and swollen a lake which was held up by a glacier. At last the weight of the water burst the barrier of ice, and with a noise like thunder the water poured down into the Rhône Valley from a height of 9000 feet.

Our correspondent happened to be motoring up the valley and saw the torrent near the point where it entered the River Rhône; and in its rush down the mountain-side it had washed away so much soil that it had become a wide river of thick mud, which oozed over the boulders like melted chocolate.

Fortunately the mud kept to the course of a mountain torrent, so that no lives were lost. A great belt of trees, however, was swept away when the glacier broke.

## CARS WITHOUT PETROL

### A Remarkable Race

Twenty-six motor-cars were entered the other day for a race of 1000 miles run without a drop of petrol, and every one of them succeeded!

It looks as if the threatened failure of the supplies of petrol and paraffin need not mean very much.

Two of the cars which took part in this French race were ordinary taxicabs, and they used a mixture of paraffin, alcohol, and a spirit distilled from sawdust. Four of the cars ran on acetylene gas, which they actually made en route. Sixteen of the cars used gases generated from charcoal, and their success proved the point emphasised by French fuel experts that there is ample timber to provide motor-fuel even if all the oil-wells in the world ran dry. France especially has enormous supplies of timber, quite enough for all her motor traffic.

## PRIZES FOR POOR DOGS

Many dogs not fortunate enough to belong to the aristocracy of the canine tribe were afforded their chance to win an award at a remarkable dog show which was held at Porlock, in Somerset.

The dogs formed an extraordinary assembly, which would have been entirely out of the running judged by the usual standards. The awards included prizes for the ugliest dog, the dog with the most spots, the dog with the longest tail, the worst mongrel, the shortest-nosed dog, the bandiest-legged dog, the largest-mouthed dog, and last, but not least, the dog which had the most sympathetic eyes.

## THE MAN WHO TOOK PAINS

"Whatever he took up he did more thoroughly than any other man I know."

That is a fine epitaph for any man. It is recorded by a friend of Dr. Arthur Rowe, a geologist of Margate. He was an authority on the chalk of the English coasts, and made a remarkable collection of pottery specimens from excavations near his home.

He spent days in restoring a big red jar dug up in Richborough Castle, so fragile that no one else had been able to make anything of the fragments.

Continued from the previous column

we do not cry out," said the sheep to the poor porker.

"Ah, when he handles you," answered the pig, "he wants only your wool, but when he handles me it is because he wants my very life!"

At last, however, the outrage seems likely to have an end. Appeals enough have been made to humanity. Soon the law is to be that no plover eggs shall be sold. That is the only way. E. A. B.

## A PEN FOR THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER

### Marvellous Idea Accomplished

A new invention, writing on a paper chart the direction and strength of the mysterious electric discharges in the atmosphere which indicate the approach of stormy weather, has now been perfected by the Radio Research Board, and is likely to prove of immense value to airmen.

The new invention consists of a clock which drives a wireless frame aerial slowly round and round, and a drum to which a paper chart is attached is revolved at the same rate. An electric pen is operated by means of valves working in cooperation with the aerial, and this writes ink marks on the chart, showing the strength and duration of the atmospheric disturbances and the direction in which they are taking place.

It will give most useful and important warnings to pilots, especially when flying in tropical countries.

## A WONDER OF REGENT STREET

### Shop Sinks a Little

Most of the big shops which have been rebuilt in Regent Street in the past year or two carried on business while being reconstructed.

This meant that at one stage, while the new foundations were replacing the old, the whole shop stood on stilts made of stout posts and lintels. One would expect in such circumstances some amount of sinking.

Yet it is recorded that only one subsidence occurred, and the amount in this case was a quarter of an inch! The pins merely settled more firmly in the clay below, and there was no sort of danger. But every door in the building was jammed. Those which were shut could not be opened and those which were open could not be shut.

A sale was proceeding, but bargain hunting went on undisturbed. The shoppers were puzzled by the behaviour of the doors: if they had known the cause there might have been a panic.

## HILLTOP OF THE WINCHESTER BOYS

It is at least five hundred years since St. Catherine's Hill became the playground of Winchester College. The boys used to have to climb it night and morning every day, no doubt in connection with some religious custom.

Later they had playing-fields nearer the school, but twice a year the climb is maintained in order to keep the right of access to the hill for those who shall come after them.

One of these climbs took place the other day, before breakfast, as is the custom. The boys formed three sides of a square before the headmaster and his staff, with the choir in the middle, and sang the traditional hymn. Then the roll was called and the boys scampered down again to breakfast.

## A WARRIOR AND HIS STEED

### Buried Together 1000 Years Ago

There is something stirring in the thought of the ninth-century knight who has been found buried with his charger at a spot near Debreczen, in Eastern Hungary.

The man's affection for the dumb companion of his adventures must have been more than ordinary. Beside their skeletons were found a suit of armour, a sword, a saddle, and a silver bracelet.

Everything has been taken to the museum at Debreczen, where the grave will be reproduced as it was found.

## A GREAT CHANCE FOR THE CITY

### Will Its Ancient Chivalry Respond?

#### CHARING CROSS OR ST. PAUL'S?

The City of London, with its ancient traditions of chivalry, has another great opportunity to write a fine page in its long history.

In the discussion about London's bridges the issue is quickly defining itself. The City Corporation would like a bridge opposite St. Paul's, and it has the money laid aside with which to build it. Greater London would like a bridge at Charing Cross, and has not the money. Yet the more closely the whole problem is investigated the clearer it becomes that the Charing Cross Bridge is needed while the bridge at St. Paul's is not.

It may not seem very logical that one square mile in the centre of London should be under a different government from all the rest, and reformers have often wanted to abolish the City Corporation and put it under the County Council with the rest of London. Yet the City represents a great tradition, and it carries out admirably the duties falling to it as the representative of the heart of the Empire. It has never behaved as if the space between Temple Bar and Aldgate were its only concern. More than once it has done great things for the Greater London beyond.

Here is a chance for it to do one more. Let the City honour itself and serve the interests of Greater London by dropping the idea of the St. Paul's Bridge and offering the money for the bridge at Charing Cross.

## A RING ON A MAORI FINGER

### New Zealand News

Was Captain Cook the first explorer to land in New Zealand?

A discovery has been made in an old Maori burial-ground which may prove that there were other visitors before him.

The burial-ground is on the eastern side of Bank's Peninsula, South Island, and it is 80 years since Maoris lived there. On the finger-bone of a Maori woman's skeleton was found a bronze ring with a large signet with the portrait of a European man in an old-fashioned tunic.

It is unlikely that the Maoris obtained the ring after the arrival of settlers, but, of course, whalers and traders called between the coming of Captain Cook and the arrival of the first colonists. But the look of the ring makes one wonder whether some earlier visitor still did not take it.

## THINGS SAID

Britain is just wonderful. A visitor  
Evil men love darkness; so do evil  
plants. *Ivon Garcia*

Science can tell us how; it can never  
tell us why. *Canon Peter Green*

Never have I been tempted to wish I  
was other than an Englishman.

*Dean Inge*

Many houses along the highways look  
as if they had been shaken out of a  
dice-box. *Mr. Guy Dawber*

The lesson Denmark has to teach  
England is the ideal of equality.

*Mr. Peter Manniche*

Nine-tenths of night accidents would  
be avoided if people walked on the right,  
facing the traffic. *Mr. Coroner Dow*

I should not have bought my motor-  
cycle if it had not been noisy.

*A motor-cyclist to the magistrate*

If the League is not yet international,  
events have shown that it will be.

*President's last words at the Assembly*



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## RESCUE OF A HARE LITTLE CREATURE GOING TO SEA

Stories of Dumb Swimmers  
and Their Strength

### THE SQUIRREL AT NIAGARA

By Our Natural Historian

Natural surprise was excited the other day when a hare was seen to plunge into the sea at Redcar and swim nearly a quarter of a mile from land. A boatman put off, caught the plucky creature, and landed it. There the story ends; it might not be pleasant to learn the sequel.

The hare was not taking swimming exercise for sport; a dog was chasing the poor creature, and it took to the sea as a last hope of eluding its pursuer. In the fields it might have escaped without difficulty, for the wiles and speed of a hare are too much for most dogs; but here it was caught near the famous open sands with its retreat to cover cut off.

### What Men & Monkeys Must Learn

No news has been received yet of an animal swimming the Channel, but practically all wild mammals can swim at need. Man is an exception; he has to be taught, though once he possessed the gift. Monkeys seem to share his disability. An animal uses its legs afloat as it uses them on land, and "treads water" to excellent purpose. Even pigs swim admirably. The enormous elephant swims nobly at need, miles at a time, moving through the water like some great submarine, with trunk alone above the surface, like a living periscope.

The rodents, to which mice and hares belong, furnish, indeed, some notable examples of mastery of an element which the order is not normally wont to use. The lemmings, which we hear of as drowning in the sea at the end of one of their suicidal migrations, do not drown because they cannot swim. Many a boisterous river, many a swelling lake, has been crossed before they reach their doom. They drown in the sea because they swim blindly on till strength and endurance are exhausted.

### Squirrels Cross the River

If travellers are to be believed, squirrels in Lapland make the most ambitious organised plan of campaign for crossing currents dry-foot. They are said to carry down to the bank of a river strips of bark, to go aboard these, erect their tails as sails, and float across, blown by the wind.

Squirrels can put human beings to shame as swimmers. A crowd had proof in the matter three years ago, when a little red beauty fell from a tree into the river a few hundred yards above the rapids of the Niagara Falls.

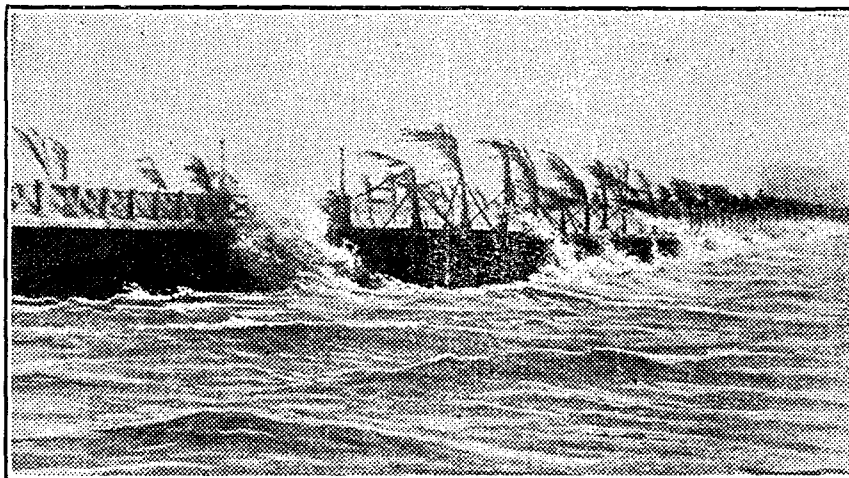
Swimming valiantly across the racing current, it managed to reach a rock some distance out from the shore. There it clung while the water swirled by.

### A Great Feat

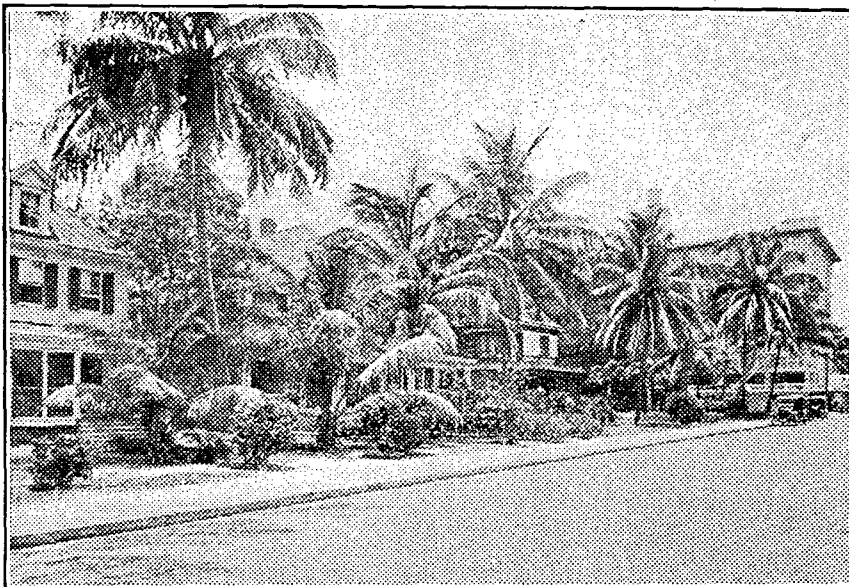
Onlookers, seeking to aid the little mariner, thrust out a long ladder to the rock in the hope that the squirrel would creep on to it and run ashore. But the little fellow, more frightened of the ladder than of Niagara, plunged again into the water, struck out lustily, and, when brought to the very brink of the Falls, touched land, scampered up the bank, and was safe!

There was not an onlooker who would not have given his last penny for nuts to celebrate the great feat could he but have reached the gallant mite. E. A. B.

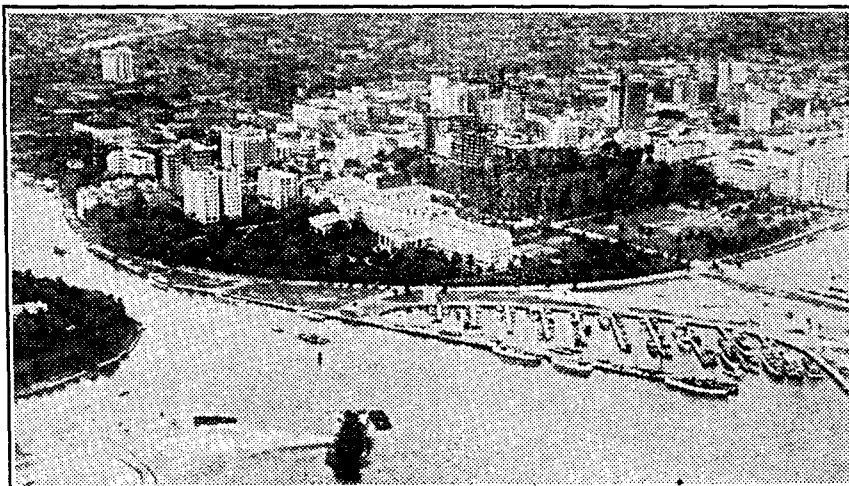
## THE CITY OF THE STORM



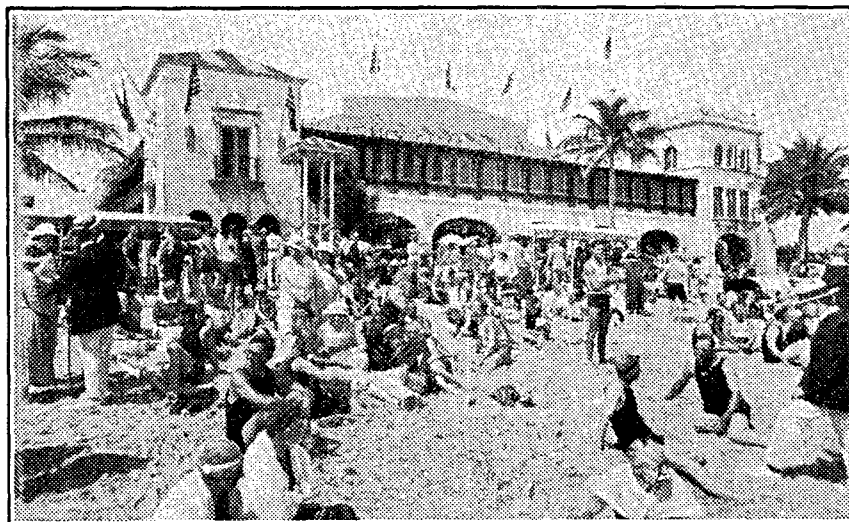
A tornado sweeping over the palm beach at Miami



A typical palm-lined road in Miami



A general view of Miami before the storm



The beach at Miami, Florida's city of pleasure

The terrible tornado that swept over the Florida coast the other day did damage estimated at £20,000,000, and Miami, America's city of pleasure, a kind of Western Pompeii, suffered severely. These pictures show scenes in the city and what the tornado looked like as it struck the coast. See page Seven

## WHAT MARS MAY NOT KNOW

A Professor Taking His  
Temperature

### A GREAT SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT

Mars varies from thirty to sixty millions of miles in its distance from the Earth, yet for some years Professor Coblentz has been taking the planet's temperature with a thermometer, as a doctor takes our temperature.

For this purpose he has had to use a very delicate thermometer called a thermocouple radiometer; but his temperature readings have been as accurate as those registered in a sick-room. That is surely a remarkable feat.

Professor Coblentz's temperature records are interesting and instructive. Up to the time of his researches astronomers believed that the temperature on Mars never rose above freezing-point, but he demonstrated that in some regions it was quite hot, and that at its equator the temperature during the day varied from 40 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Over clear patches, which he supposed to be elevated plateaus, his thermometer recorded 40 degrees, and over dark patches it recorded 60.

### The Climate of Mars

A temperature of 40 to 60 is quite favourable to life, but Mars has very little air and very little moisture, and so cannot retain solar heat. Professor Coblentz found that at the point on the equator where the Sun was setting the temperature fell at once to freezing-point, and that at the point where the Sun was beginning to rise it had sunk as low as 50 degrees below freezing-point, so that in the middle of the Martian night it must have been as low as 80 degrees.

Thus, even if there be on Mars air, water, and other conditions favourable to life, the temperature conditions are most unfavourable, and of the sort of life we know only animals or vegetables capable of enduring great extremes of heat and cold could survive.

## CROWLAND ITSELF AGAIN

### The Old Abbey Opened

Crowland Abbey has been reopened after its restoration.

Part of the abbey, which is in the Fen District, was restored in the last century to make a parish church, but much of the work has now been done again in a more satisfactory manner.

The fixed pews, the panelling, and the raised wooden floor have been taken away, and a block floor with a stone pavement down the centre has been laid at the original height, revealing the bases of the pillars and giving a better idea of the original structure.

The whole building, with its Norman tower, has a list to the north, and strong buttresses have had to be made. In the tower are the famous Crowland bells, broadcast more than once, with their fifteenth-century tenor.

### A Wood and Wattle Abbey

The first Crowland Abbey, built on crude and muddy land (or croyland), was built by King Ethelbald for the Benedictines in 716, in honour of the saint whose special task was to drive away the demons of the fens with a whip of three lashes!

This was a wood and wattle affair, burned down by the Danes after fifty years. The catastrophe was repeated 200 years later. The earliest parts of the present building belong to the twelfth century, but the greater part of it dates from the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries.

Over the tower flies a new flag, showing the whip of Saint Guthlac.

One of the restored windows has been paid for by the children of the parish, a very happy idea.



## CHESS OR CRICKET AT GENEVA?

### THE GAME OF GENERAL POST

National Jealousies and the  
League Council

### NEW FIGURES ROUND THE TABLE

By Our League Correspondent

The Council of the League of Nations has had a game of General Post, and we need to take a good look to see who is now sitting round its table. The number of seats has now been raised from ten to fourteen.

The number was increased in an effort to satisfy the wishes of Spain, Poland, and China, but, as it has now turned out, there was no need to make the change, for Spain and Brazil have given notice to leave the League, and Sweden does not wish to continue holding a Council seat. So there was plenty of room for Poland and China, and the new rules need not have been made.

#### A Council of Fourteen

However, the decision was made, and we must hope it will prove a wise one. Many countries think that a Council of 14 members is too large, particularly as it must vote unanimously before it can act.

It is also thought that the Council will be hampered by having so many members, but in a large part of its work, health, mandates, opium, and so on, this will probably not be so. It is likely even to be an advantage, because a greater number of members will become familiar with the day-to-day work. If each country in turn should serve an apprenticeship on the Council the League as a whole would benefit.

Although many countries think that it is a grave pity to make this change in the Council, yet for the sake of the whole, as it seemed the only way to remedy the grievous harm that was done in March, they agreed to vote for it in order that the League might get on with its work. They understood the true spirit of the League (which was forgotten by some in March) and acted in it.

#### A Human Experiment

When we watch the League changing like this we are really watching a team learning to play together; and it is a new game which has never been played, or even tried, before. As one delegate remarked: "The League was not sent down from Heaven ready made. It is an experiment by human beings, by men who make mistakes." The interest is to see it shape itself, making its own rules and regulations, learning by experience, and profiting by mistakes. Many of those who take part have never had a chance of playing in a team before.

To keep up with the League's doings is a good test of our knowledge of history and geography. Can everyone say off-hand, for example, exactly where Colombia is, what is the size of Salvador, whether Rumania is a kingdom or a republic, or what is the population of China?

#### The Linked Chain

These are some of the new countries elected as members of the League Council. Among the nine that have been chosen by this Assembly five are in Europe, and with Germany they form a linked chain all across the centre, each touching the other—Belgium, Holland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania.

Latin-America, the name by which Central and South America are now generally known, is now represented by Chile, Colombia, and Salvador. Chile is familiar, but the other two seem strange and unknown, taking little part in world affairs, and there is considerable puzzlement as to why they should have been chosen at all.

The Far East has now got the second representative for which it has asked at

## A BABOON HAS A DAY OFF

### Surprise at a Station

### THE NEW CLERK AT THE WINDOW

It must be a little startling when you go to a railway ticket window to have tickets and change thrown at you by a baboon from Africa.

This is what happened to travellers at the Crystal Palace High Level Station during the rush hour the other morning. The creature had been sent in a wooden cage from a naturalist's shop in King's Cross Road and was waiting to be called for, its ultimate destination being a menagerie at the Crystal Palace.

Evidently thinking it had travelled far enough, the baboon wished to inspect more closely the combined cloak-room and booking-office in which it found itself. It shook its bars till the cage fell over, and then proceeded to kick the bottom out. Once at liberty, it sprang on to the gas bracket and showed its teeth to the booking-clerk, who departed in search of help.

#### A Walk Round the Office

Through the ticket window the baboon was seen to make a tour of inspection of the office. It turned out the ticket pigeon-holes and scattered the tickets, opened bags of coppers, and finally inspected the ticket-punching machine by the window. Finding itself watched through the window, it became annoyed, and began to throw tickets and money at the assembled passengers.

Ultimately the menagerie keepers recaptured the animal, but not before many of the passengers had lost their trains. They were asked to pay their fares at the other end, and the station staff set to work to gather up coppers and tickets and sort them into their proper places.

## A POST OFFICE IDEA

### Paying by Cheque

People who use the Post Office Savings Bank will soon be able to draw cheques instead of cash.

At present one of the disadvantages of using the Post Office Bank is that when you want to take money out to pay a bill you have to take away the money in cash or buy a postal order. The savings department is now preparing a scheme by which you may draw a cheque on your savings account and post it to your creditor.

Hitherto to withdraw any amount over a pound it has been necessary to get a form and post it to the Savings Bank Department, naming the post office at which you wish to draw the money. In three days the Department sends a withdrawal warrant to take to the post office named, where the money is handed over.

Under the new system we write to the Head Office of the Post Office Savings Bank and ask for a crossed warrant for any amount not exceeding the amount of the deposit. Then, when we have endorsed it, we can send it to our creditor, who will pay it into his bank with his other cheques.

Continued from the previous column

every Assembly, but until it succeeds in forming a strong central government it is difficult to see how its voice can have weight.

To satisfy Poland a skilful arrangement was made to make her seat as safe as possible, and so three of the nine, Poland, Chile, and Rumania, were elected to stay for three years, and Poland promptly requested that the Assembly should declare her eligible for re-election at the end of that time.

These changes seem to be rather more like the movements in a game of chess than like cricket. What will be the result for the League and for the world?

## AUTUMN SUNSHINE SEPTEMBER DAYS WORTH MILLIONS

### Brightening Up the World and Enriching the Earth

### SUNLIGHT AND THE SEA

The wonderful days of sunshine which the first half of September brought us, unbearably hot for a time, leave in their train a legacy of good fortune which we shall reap another day, forgetting where it came from.

The effects of our September warmth were both immediate and potential. In the south the harvest had been gathered, but in the north the season is six weeks later, so the hot days came there in time to give that extra golden brightness and hardness to the standing grain which our imperfect summers too frequently deny our corn. It is this quality of hardness and ripeness, the gift of the Sun, which makes the grain of Manitoba so superior to ours.

#### Many Gains

Trees benefited enormously from the heat. The wood which will bear next year's fruit is formed this summer, and the light and warmth ripened the new wood so splendidly that next year we should have bumper crops of fruit, provided the season itself is favourable. Seeds for next season's plants, too, should be excellent, and the vegetable garden ought to have seeds of exceptional quality, all having been so splendidly sun-ripened.

But the gains were not only on the land. Fish will be the better and more plentiful for the protracted heat of 1926. All the rivers running down to the sea were warm; the ocean itself took on a tropical temperature. The thermometer showed 67 degrees of heat in our seas during the third week in September, which is phenomenal for our waters at such a time of year.

#### Food for the Fishes

All this is good. The sea abounds even more than the land in vegetable matter; and vegetation, whether on earth or in the water, thrives on light and heat. Inorganic carbon is present in enormous quantities in sea water, and is converted by diatoms into organic carbon. The conversion during the light and heat of summer amounts, it is estimated, to about 20,000 or 30,000 tons a cubic mile.

Diatoms multiply incredibly under the genial influence of sunny, lighted waters, and they in turn afford food to minute forms of animal life which feed the small fishes making up the diet of the greater fishes that come to table to feed us in our turn.

#### The Teeming Sea

The sea teems with animal life in quantities beyond ordinary understanding, and supplies, never short, will be additionally abundant as the outcome of the glorious sunshine of the early autumn. It is difficult to trace cause directly to effect in such matters, yet it has been demonstrated again and again that mighty harvests from the sea have always followed a brilliant summer, and that poor catches are produced by dull, cold seasons.

So, though we puffed and grew petulant in those wonderful days of unbroken heat, let us not forget now that during their progress Nature was storing her reserves with new capital, which she will spend for our benefit in the days that are to be. The money worth of those glorious days must run into millions upon millions of pounds. Let us be thankful.

## LITTLE TALES OF SAINT FRANCIS

Millions of people have been thinking of Saint Francis, in his beloved Assisi and in places far away. One or two were thinking of him the other day as they lay stretched on the Sussex Downs, gazing happily up at the soft summer sky and at the happy birds circling against the blue.

Perhaps the sight of the larks brought to their minds this wonderful man, whose immortality began just 700 years ago. Somebody asked "What is your favourite story about him?" and everybody contributed one.

Said a young girl, just about to leave school and to enter society: "I have always thought that the tale of Saint Francis's temptation to return to the world so very beautiful. Do you remember how one day, after he had for years and years lived the life of poverty, he seemed to see a picture of what he might have been, of the loving, happy home that might have been his? In a vision he saw the face of a wife and children. Then, you may remember, he rushed out in the snow and, gathering a great pile of it together and talking to himself, made little snow images of a wife and children and, looking on them lovingly for a time, thrust away temptation."

#### The Invisible Concert

"I like (said a musical boy) the incident when the Saint is supposed to have asked for music to cheer him in his sickness. Do you remember he called a friar who had once been good at the guitar and begged him to play? The friar was afraid of the scandal that would ensue, poor fellow. But Francis prayed that he might hear beautiful melody, and God sent an invisible angel, who gave him a concert such as was never heard on Earth. Francis was lost in delight, and I remember that it says in the records that if the angel had given one more stroke of the bow his soul would have left his body in rapture!"

"That is very good (said a young schoolmaster); I always remember how fair he tried to be when he and a lot of friars meant to go to France. There was not room in the boat for all, and Francis said: 'The people of the boat refuse to take us all, and I have not courage to make choice among you; you might think I do not love you all alike; let us then try to learn the will of God.' And he asked a child, playing near by, to choose eleven friars to set sail, which was done."

#### The Noisy Swallow

"Oh, but best of all," said a little Nature lover, "was when Saint Francis would talk to the birds and stroke them, and when he asked the swallows not to make quite so much noise when he preached, for they sang so loudly!"

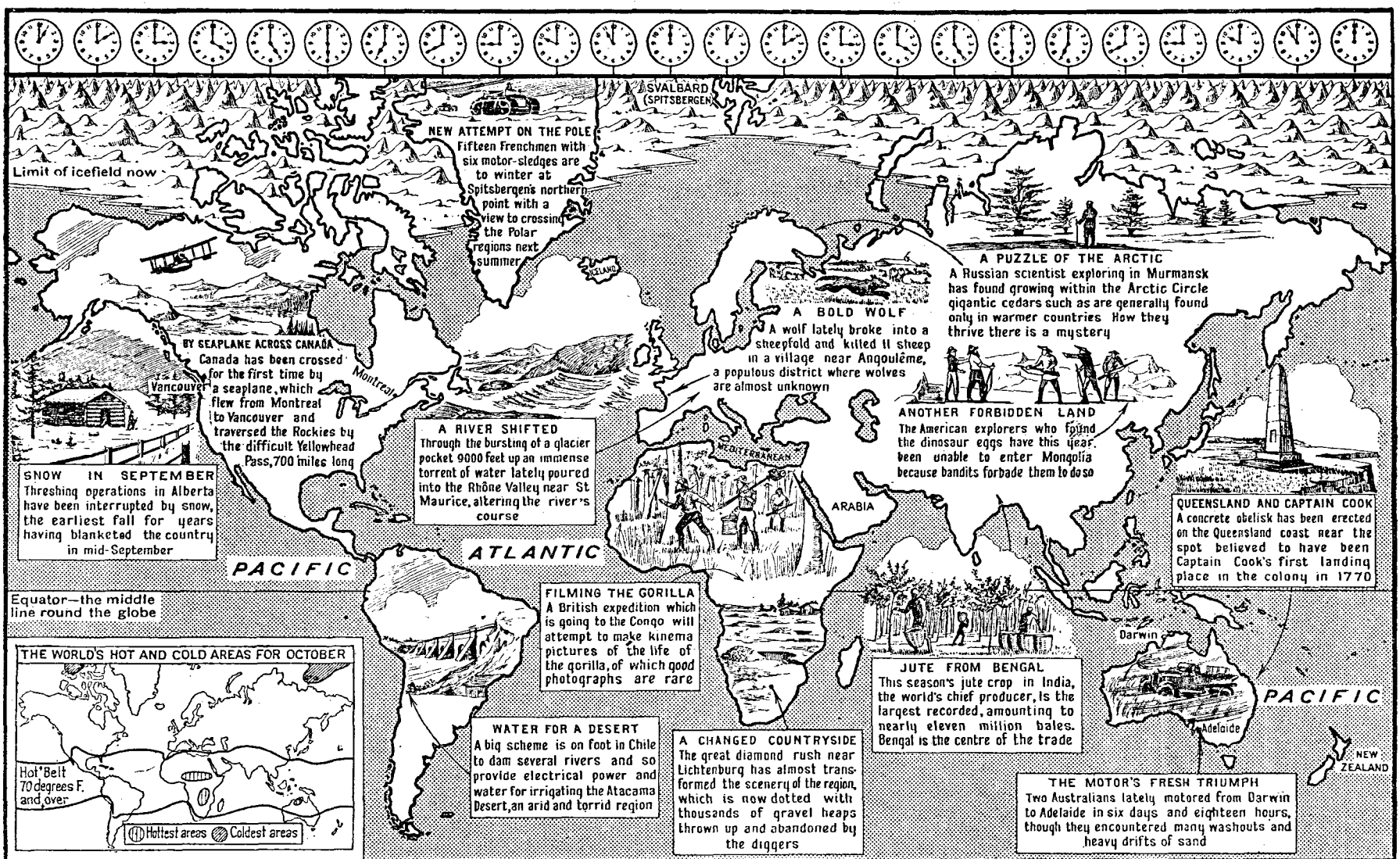
Nobody said anything more about Saint Francis for a little, but all thought of him; and on the long walk home over the clipped grass and thyme the musical boy recited a bit of the famous hymn to the Sun, which Matthew Arnold put into beautiful English from the Saint's own Italian. Here are two of the verses which are very hard to forget, so fine are they:

*Praised be my Lord for my sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble and precious and clean.*

*Praised be my Lord for my own brother Fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; for he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.*



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



**A LITTLE TAXI RIDE**  
Fare £30

We told the other day of a cabman in Paris who was invited to take an American to Biarritz in his vehicle. It is not only in France, however, that drivers receive such shocks.

A London taxicab driver picked up a middle-aged lady and gentleman in Bayswater the other day and drove them to Hatfield and back. They asked him for his address, and later requested him to drive them to Invershin, in the north of Scotland. They reached Appleby, in Westmorland, 276 miles away, the first day, and Pitlochry, in the Highlands, on the second.

After spending the third night at Invershin they returned to Stirling. At Carlisle the couple announced Liverpool as their destination, and there the taximan left them after receiving the £30 registered on the taximeter, plus a substantial tip. The total distance was 1200 miles.

## MINNOWS FIGHT DISEASE

An Argentine battleship has just left the United States for home with a strange cargo of disease-fighters.

It was a cargo of thousands of minnows, which are being sent to help the Argentine Government in its fight against the scourge of malaria. The minnows will be distributed in the stagnant waters where the larvae of malaria-carrying mosquitoes are hatched, and it is hoped they will devour tremendous quantities of the larvae.

## A SURPRISE IN A SHOP

During the recent heat wave a showcase filled with perfumes stood in the full glare of the Sun in a shop in Havre.

While they were being inspected the Sun's action on some of the chemicals in the perfumes caused the bottles and the case to burst, cutting several people who had been examining them.

## WHY HIS ANCESTOR LEFT

### An American's Discovery

It is entirely natural that our American cousins, living in a new country, should be anxious to trace their family trees to older roots elsewhere, and gratifying that they should wish to find those roots in English soil.

The Borough of Holborn prides itself on the accuracy of its records, and an official there readily gave his help in tracing a Holborn ratepayer whom an American descendant believed to have flourished there 200 years ago. What our visitor was particularly anxious to discover was the reason for his ancestor's voyage across the Atlantic.

The name was duly found, but against it stood the entry *Abandoned without paying his rates*. We hope our cousin from rich America paid the debt.

# THE BREAD BASKET FULL AGAIN Great Crop in Canada

Canada is hard at work harvesting another splendid wheat crop, a crop which promises almost to equal last year's record yield.

These two splendid crops in succession are of tremendous importance to the Dominion, as it means that the Great West is on its feet again, and that its men of courage and vision once more have the money to develop their schemes.

## BUYING GAS

### Helium in the Shop

Anyone can now buy rare gases, such as neon and helium, for the demands have become so many that they are being manufactured and sold on quite a large scale. A firm at Wembley will supply a sovereign's worth of helium, for instance, and will deliver it in a tin fitted with a tap, the container being charged and allowed for like a siphon.

## HIS FATHER'S GUEST

### A Blow Meant for a Prince

It is a very ancient law of hospitality that at all costs a guest must be saved from danger under the roof of his host.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden have been visiting Japan. The Princess is a member of the English Royal Family, and the two were lunching at the British Embassy in Tokyo when the Ambassador's son, Mr. Tilley, noticed a man at the open window preparing to throw a dagger at the Prince.

Mr. Tilley leaped forward just in time to place his body in the path of the dagger. Happily it hit his cigarette case, so no one was injured.

Instant action like that requires not merely momentary courage, but a courageous habit of mind.

## POLAND DOING WELL

### Steady Progress

Poland, reborn in the crash of the Great War, has had a hard fight to build up solid foundations for her new national life, and her leaders have worked hard to put her finances straight.

Mr. Kemmerer, the head of an American mission invited to help in the work of reorganisation, has given a very satisfactory account of the progress made. There has been a balance of income over expenditure for three months, and the exchange has been steady for two months. A two-million-pound loan has been repaid, and the proportion of gold to paper money has risen from 34 to 39 per cent. Since January, also, unemployment has gone down by a third.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Assuan:	Ahs-swahn.
Debreczen . . . . .	Deb-ret-sen.
Dinosaur . . . . .	Di-no-sawr.
Miami . . . . .	Me-ah-me.
Tokyo . . . . .	To-ke-o.
Uranus . . . . .	U-ra-nus.

# WHY A SUBMARINE WAS LOST

## The H 29 Disaster

Three courts-martial have been held to find out the cause of the submarine disaster in Devonport Harbour.

One was on H 29's commander: he was found guilty of having suffered his ship to be hazarded, and was ordered to be reprimanded. Another was on the second-in-command: he was found guilty of having hazarded the ship, and was dismissed from its service and ordered to be severely reprimanded. The third was on a stoker petty officer: he was charged with having performed negligently the duty imposed upon him and was acquitted.

What the evidence showed was that the second-in-command, Lieutenant Wevell, obtained leave from his chief to lower the level of the boat for firing practice, but did not tell him that he proposed to do it in an unusual way. The stoker duly carried out his orders. The courts considered that the commander should have informed himself exactly of what Lieutenant Wevell proposed to do, that Lieutenant Wevell gave dangerous orders without taking the necessary precautions, and that the reasons he gave for his unusual procedure were not sufficient.

It is sad that brave men should have to be punished, but the risks are often too terrible to allow leniency to people who make mistakes.

## TWO TAXIS

Two taxicabs remain of those which carried General Manoury's army from Paris to the Battle of the Marne. One is in the Museum of the Invalides in Paris and the other has just been presented to the American Legion which was defending France years before America came into the war.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 9 1926

## Traveller's Joy

NEVER has there been so much travel in the homeland as now. The bicycle began it. Cheap railway trips continued it. The motor-car has brought it to a climax.

So far has the rush on wheels through the country gone that the King's highway has become a place to be avoided, a scene of frantic, foolish speed, of hideous noise, and of frequent disaster and death. An excellent movement has spoiled itself by excess.

Every healthy person who has tried wheel-travel in all its forms, and compared it with travelling on foot, knows that excellent as the wheel may be to take one to a desirable place the only way of truly enjoying whatever is best worth seeing and knowing in country places is by walking. And now it is said that people are giving up walking.

No one has a single good reason for envying either the motoring slavery of speed or the motoring worship of luxury once a lovely part of the world is reached. It can only be properly seen, or truly known, or honestly deserved, by the cheap, simple, personal, and perfect method of walking. Only the walker can pluck true traveller's joy.

The wheel-man sees only single objects, like sites and churches, but he does not see them by natural approach in their true setting of surrounding human life, present and past; for the present life of the country is marvellously like its past life.

The walker has time to encounter and absorb life. He can talk naturally to all he sees. He can live his way furlong by furlong, not pass it by with the flash of a migrating bird.

Take one instance. Of the million people who have passed a-wheel this summer along the fine main roads of the New Forest how many have any other impression of it than the impression they might have got from a picture on a wall? The most the wisest of them have done is to stay in a clump of trees and picnic, within motor-horn sound of the whirling highroad.

But what have they known of the silent forest glade, its brown streams slipping with only a rare tinkle on their winding courses, its birds as Lord Grey of Fallodon knows them, its deer and the rangers who watch them? Will they not, after passing ten times along the roads of the Forest, be prepared to say that there are cows and ponies there but no deer?

It is the rambler who walks the forest solitudes who knows their true beauty and who ought to be envied. It is the cliff walker and the hill climber who work their holidays into their bones and their spirit.

Let us go for a walk.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### Honest Folk

AMERICAN travellers are surprised that English waitresses leave a plate of cakes on our teashop tables, and later, when they make out the bill, trust the customer to say how many cakes have been eaten. But the people of Bergen can do even better than that.

An English traveller just returned from Bergen city thinks the Norwegians must be the most honest people in the world. He has been led to this conclusion by their tramcars.

Inside them are automatic machines, into the slot of which each passenger puts his money, receiving a ticket in return. There is no conductor.

"So far as I could see," said the traveller, "there was nothing to prevent the passengers from cheating except their consciences. The cars could not be run at a loss, so their consciences must be good ones. I doubt if you could match them anywhere else in the world."

It is a great tribute to Bergen, but the C.N. has already told many stories showing the gratifying spread of this sort of honesty in all lands.

### Lower Rates for Good Citizens

SIR NAPIER SHAW, one of our Clerks of the Weather, is anxious to abate the soot and fog which hang over our cities and are so bad for all who live there. Several times of late we have seen the Strand covered with black smoke from the chimney of a hotel.

Sir Napier's remedy is to allow a rebate on the rates to those who arrange things so that they shall not produce smoke. He would give some recognition to those who take the trouble to put things straight and made themselves good citizens.

It is a sound idea. Rewards are better than punishments. One of the reasons why rates are heavy is partly because so much money is spent on keeping towns clean. The man who makes them dirty should pay more than the man who tries to keep them clean.

### The Wonderful Sheepdog

A C.N. reader just home from Scotland sends us this note.

HAVE you ever had the good fortune to observe the ways of a well-trained Scottish sheepdog? Should one sheep escape, it may be that one of the younger dogs will frighten her by chasing and barking. But the clever collie, seeing her agitation and bewilderment at her separation from the rest of the flock, will bide his time; he will drop down in the grass, his bright eyes watching quietly, and wait till the truant is calm. When the stray sheep is nibbling quietly, a hardly audible signal will come from the shepherd, and the collie will dart gently behind the solitary one, and usher her gracefully up to her companions.

### It Moves

THERE are some things that must convince even a cynic that the world does move.

Two names stood out in the last generation among reformers: those of Richard Cobden and John Bright, and a new book reminds us that both of them opposed a proposal to limit child labour in factories to *twelve hours a day!*

### Tip-Cat

IN a London restaurant there is a waitress over six feet tall. Very useful for serving high teas.

SANDWICH has been making a pageant of Sandwich Through the Ages. Nobody could eat it.

ATLANTIC CITY has decided to tax false teeth. Tax-collectors will look more than ever down in the mouth.

THE B.B.C. has been broadcasting the sounds fish make at feeding time. Listeners caught them with bated breath.

A HANDBOOK on punctuation is just published. Quite a book of the period.

MUSHROOMS are scarce this season. Somebody must have been picking them.

A BUTCHER has tried to swim from France to England, but failed. He couldn't make anything of the chops of the Channel.

THE other day street traffic was held up by a piano. But that is not really its forte.

IN a recent race one boy is said to have given up at the third lap. No doubt because he wanted to sit on it.

THE Duke of Northumberland thinks villagers would be happier without cinemas. The villagers feel happier within them.

### The Bright Red Bus

NOW that our bright red buses are such an attractive feature of our London streets could we not have a little more care taken with the literary appeals they make to us? We noticed one the other day dashing proudly through the Strand all oblivious of the bad grammar on its advertising boards.

### The Black Cloud

THE curse of British industrial life is that a smoke pall of distrust and suspicion has overclouded all relations of masters and men. That must be got rid of. The sooner we realise that we have got to live together and make the best of it the better for both parties.

SIR HAROLD BOWDEN

## Playtime

By Our Country Girl

WORK on awhile. When work is done,  
And we are old and grey,  
We'll leave the workshop to our son  
While we go out to play.

WE'LL leave the streets of dreary stone,  
We'll hear the wheels no more,  
But only hear the branches moan  
And waves along the shore.

WE'LL live no more by rule of clock,  
But in the ancient way:  
The Sun, the Moon, the crowing cock  
Shall measure out our day.

AND only on the greatest things  
We'll spend the precious hours;  
We'll listen while a blackbird sings,  
Or pick a bunch of flowers.

WE'LL have a house so small, so small,  
We'll have no room for Care;  
But if a friend should chance to call  
He'll find a welcome there.

WE'LL have a bookshelf by the fire,  
An apple loft above,  
To give a scholar his desire,  
Or win the children's love.

WE'LL have a jasmin by the door,  
A lilac by the gate.  
We shall not think that we are poor  
For lack of pelf and plate.

NOT yet, not yet, the time is here,  
We still must toil for gold.  
Work on awhile, but ah, my dear,  
I wish that we were old!

## Our Best Furniture

WE have always thought that the best furniture for a room is books, and Dr. Karel Capek, the famous Czech writer, evidently agrees with us. He has been urging his countrymen to read English books.

He says that when he visited England he saw that the largest and most respectable piece of furniture in an English home was not the piano, or portraits of ancestors, or the bath, but the library; a library as big as the whole room, and full of wonders; thick books one after the other, and bound as if to last hundreds of years.

On the Continent books are flimsy, meanly bound in paper, and Capek appreciates the respect we show to authors by giving their books a stouter form. He says that English literature will last—in two ways. As a final compliment to our love of reading he says that books seem as necessary to the Englishman as salt fish to the Eskimo.

We hope those pessimists who say that wireless will kill reading will not, after all, be able to say *I told you so!* A deeply ingrained habit does not die quite so easily.



October 9, 1926

## The Children's Newspaper

7

## THE OLD FIDDLER OF CREMONA WHY ALL THE WORLD KNOWS HIM

The Days When His Own Town  
Did Not Know His Name

### SAD BURIAL OF A TREASURE

The fiddle is called the king of musical instruments, and the monarch of its makers was Stradivarius.

It is the dream of every great player to possess a Strad, but the instruments are equally sought for museums or for rich collectors, to whom such a treasure is precious only because it is rare.

The number of Strads in the world is known and limited, for their creator, to whom we were referring here the other day, has been nearly two centuries in the grave. The number available has now been decreased by one, for Monsieur Alexandre Baille, who died the other day at Perpignan, so loved his Strad that he ordered in his will that the instrument should be buried with him, and the sorry command has, unhappily, been obeyed.

### Histories Strange as Fiction

That is, of course, passion run mad and not true love of music, and it should be unlawful, as it should be to entomb any masterpiece of art. The spirit directing such a sacrifice is a survival of the instinct which caused a king's widow, favourites, slaves, and horses to be buried with him at his funeral. Strads were made to play on, to give the world such music as had never before been heard. So rare are they that they have histories as strange as fiction.

One of them was kept untouched in a ducal museum for half a century; next hidden in a solitary farmhouse in an Italian village for 30 years; then preserved in a glass case in a shop for another lifetime; and, finally, sold for £2000 in England, where its present value must be at least three or four times as great.

### Lived for His Work

Worth thousands of pounds apiece, all these violins were the creation of that quiet citizen of Cremona, in Italy, who lived there 93 years before death ended his loving labours in 1737. He brought the art of making a fiddle to its highest perfection, and the secret died with him. He lived for his work, toiling humbly in the upper rooms of his house, a tall, thin, bent old man, always in a white night-cap, with a white leather apron covering his clothes.

He began to put his signature on his instruments from the time he was 16, but his work grew in mastery from decade to decade, till, mellowing into a majestic certainty of genius, he outdistanced all his rivals. He made Cremona famous.

### A Prophet Without Honour

Forty years ago a great lover of music decided to go on pilgrimage to the master's city and render homage before his shrine and workshop.

Alas! the church that had sheltered his remains had been pulled down; the street in which he had lived was renamed; the house was unmarked. In Cremona no one seemed to know of the man who had made the city's name glorious throughout the music-loving world. "Upon my oath," said the cabman, "I assure you they never made fiddles in Cremona!"

In the cathedral the sacristan was lighting the candles on the altar, and the traveller asked him where Stradivarius was buried. "Oh, signor," was the smiling answer, "thank the blessed saints and all the martyrs, Stradivarius is not dead; the good lawyer is alive and in excellent health."

Another cabman actually drove him to the house of Stradivarius, a modern

## THE GREAT WAR DIES IN A WAYSIDE INN

WONDER treads on the heels of wonder; the world is moving on. The spirit of the Great War has been found dying in a wayside inn.

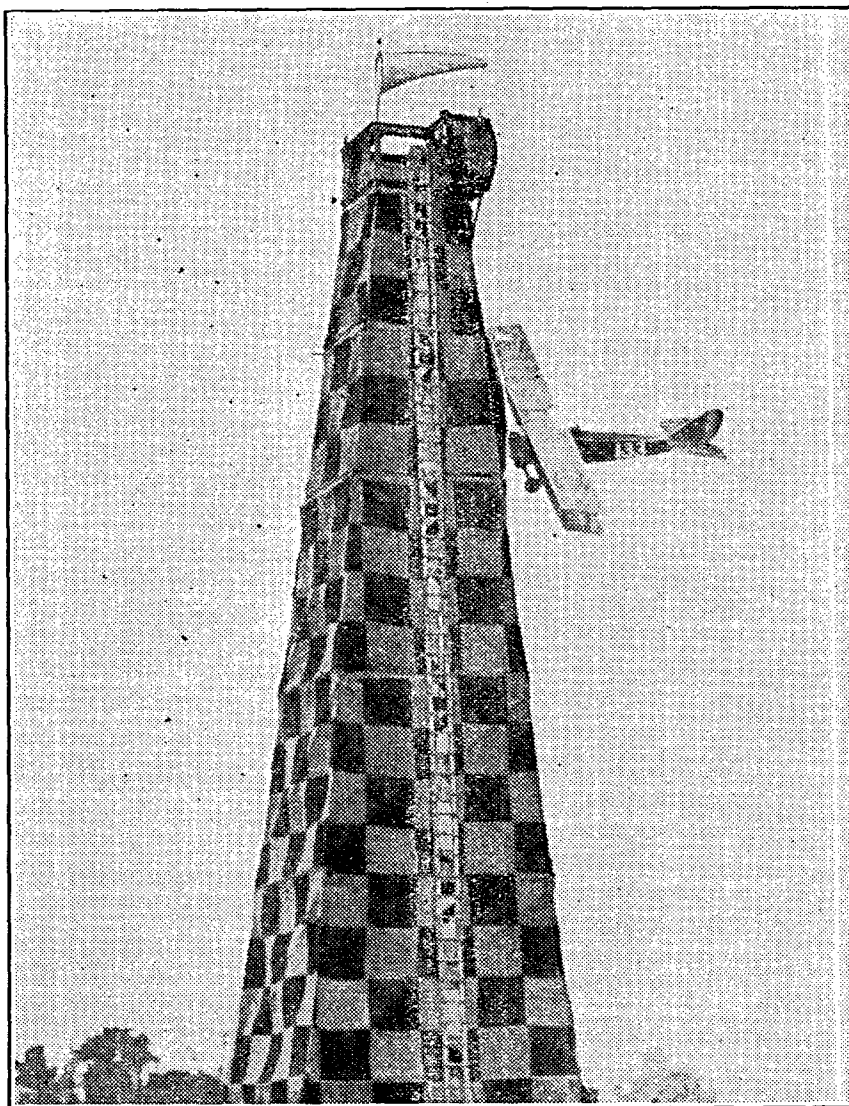
Within a day or two of Germany's admission to the League her Foreign Minister and the Foreign Minister of France were having a four-hour confidential talk in a little inn not far from Geneva! We are told that they discussed all the problems of interest to both countries. It is carefully explained that they made no decisions, but it is said that when they parted they believed they had found a way of settling all the outstanding questions between them.

They made no decisions because each of them stipulated that he must find out what his Cabinet thought before they could go farther. When that had been done they agreed to meet again. Neither said farewell, but *Auf wieder-*

*sehen* the one and *Au revoir* the other. Though there has been grumbling and criticism in both countries at the account of this meeting (for the cynic and the pessimist are always there), satisfaction has been the dominant note, and the general expectation is that the talks will be resumed.

When the Dawes scheme was planned America was the intermediary. When the Locarno spirit was invoked Britain piloted the negotiations. There was no intermediary and no pilot at the wayside inn at Thoiry. The wonder of the thing is that it was spontaneous. The two statesmen met because they wanted to agree. They believed in each other, and they believed that no ground for distrust now remained. The will to hate had disappeared. The peace spirit had ousted the war spirit. Let us hope it will go on.

## THE END OF THE AIR RACE



This is not a collision in mid-air, but Lieutenant Carl W. Rach, of the New York National Guard, rounding the pylon at the end of the recent race for the National Guard Trophy. The apparent contact of the aeroplane and the pylon is merely an illusion.

lawyer, and, on the mistake being explained to him, called to a passer-by for aid: "Do you know anything of one Stradivarius who makes fiddles, old fiddles?" he cried. A little crowd collected, puzzled, willing to help, but more inclined to laugh. They had never heard of a Stradivarius who made fiddles, old or new!

At last the real house was found and Stradivarius was asked for. "He doesn't make fiddles here; he is dead!" was the answer to inquiry. Finally someone understood and spoke of a certain professor.

"Who is the professor?" demanded the Englishman.

"The Professor Stradivarius who made violins," was the reply, "but ever so long ago, inhabited this house, but we cannot tell which room he died in."

They know more of Stradivarius in Cremona now, for at last, though his grave is gone and his possessions are

scattered, they have raised a tablet to his memory, so that even the children of the city know that a king of men once dwelled among them.

## BEWARE OF CELLULOID Dangerous in the Sun

When will people realise the dangers of celluloid?

During the recent hot weather a family party taking tea in a sunny room at Deal suddenly heard a hissing, crackling sound, and found that the handle of a dessert knife lying on a table in the sun had caught fire. Of course it was made of celluloid.

No doubt there were other people at Deal who had gone out without their hats with celluloid combs in their hair, and had given their children celluloid toys to play with, not only in the summer sun but by the winter fire.

## AMERICA'S POMPEII THE BOOM AND DOOM OF FLORIDA

Amazing Storm that Swept a  
Natural Paradise

### SUDDEN STEP FROM LUXURY TO RUIN

Fate seems to delight to sport with Florida, the beautiful land which has been the scene of a pitiful disaster.

Florida was discovered by chance by a man who was seeking the fabled river which bestowed on those who bathed in it everlasting youth and happiness. It killed its discoverer.

Only a short time ago it was the scene of the greatest land boom America has ever known, and the boom ruined thousands of its adventurers and caused the bankruptcy of scores of banks.

The object of the boom was to create not a city, but many cities, to which the rich people of America should flock for health in perpetual sunshine and for luxurious enjoyment in an earthly paradise. And now, in the course of a few hours, towns have been wrecked, hundreds of lives have been lost, thousands of people have been injured or left homeless, and damage amounting to millions of pounds has been wrought by an almost unparalleled storm.

### The Place of Flowers

For 400 years after the haughty Spanish conqueror Juan Ponce de Leon, sailing in quest of the enchanted Bimini with its reputed magical waters, gave Spain her first mainland possession in North America (calling it Florida from its flowers) the land grew but little in white population.

Then came a wonderful railway over the sea, in which the coral islands were the main supports and buttresses, linked by embankments and bridges, and Florida developed into a sort of American Riviera, to which rich people went for sunshine when the North lay in the grip of ice. Fortunately the main body of holiday-makers does not reach Florida till later in the year, or the disaster, already overwhelming, would have been still more terrible.

### In the Track of the Storm

At a time when a fierce monsoon was wrecking ships and destroying lives in the Bay of Bengal, and driving our airman Cobham to shelter on an almost unknown island, a terrific storm broke over Florida, with winds rising in force to 130 miles an hour, with rain in deluges. Buildings were overturned; dammed-up lakes burst their bounds; canalised streams overflowed their dykes; the sea swept over the land, and towns ran twelve feet deep in water.

The flood and the wreckage cut off the electric power, plunged the towns into darkness, isolated them from the outer world, stopped the water supply for drinking purposes.

### Wreck and Desolation

Never was there more sudden and terrifying ruin from a storm. All the resources of civilisation were crushed suddenly out of being; groups of palaces and hotels suddenly became scenes of wreck and desolation.

The destruction of Pompeii was not so sudden, nor its loss of life so terrible. Comparison between the two disasters is unavoidable, for Pompeii was the Roman Florida, the scene of unbridled extravagance and luxury, and Florida was the American Pompeii, the scene of indescribable luxury in this land of indescribable wealth.

The loss and ruin prove to have been immensely exaggerated by the papers, and happily the loss of life is not nearly so great as at first reported; but it has been a terrible catastrophe, one of the most fatal of storms. Pictures on page 3



## A SPADE AMONG THE LAND CRABS

### THREE AGES MEET IN A RUINED MOUND

The Lost Port from which Spain's Conquerors Sailed

### A CITY OF THE PLAIN

On a sand-covered waste opposite Jeddah and on the western shore of the Red Sea, a great mound breaks the level monotony of the blazing desert.

It is owned by reptiles and land crabs, is waterless and desolate; it is Despair's own domain. But a spade is thrust into the mound, and lo, three Ages start to light!

We may look in vain on any modern map for Aidhab, but we may find it in the thrilling story which Mr. G. W. Murray has been telling in one of our scientific journals. Beneath that quiet mound lies the ancient city of Aidhab.

#### A Once-Famous Port

How complete is the ruin which has descended on this once-famous seaport! Herodotus, who lived four centuries before Christ, wrote of its people as "the tallest and finest of men." Strabo, who was a boy while Caesar was invading Britain, described it in the day of his manhood. It was the great city and gathering ground of a people whose tribes we name collectively the Beja. They still survive in scattered tribes, never again the same prosperous people since their city fell, but nomads, driving their camels and flocks from pasture to pasture in the desert, and prominent only when wars arise in which hardy wanderers may share.

Aidhab, then, was their city. It attained to power and riches after the rise of Mohammedanism, for it was a port of departure to Mecca, the holy city of that faith.

#### Crusaders and Moslems

But as the Moslems blocked the way from Europe to the East, and drove Columbus to find the same goal by way of the West, so the advent of the Crusaders cut across the path of these pilgrims to Mecca by the old route. So for 200 years the Moslem pilgrims were wont to sail up the Nile to Assuan, cross the country to Aidhab, and take ship thence for the city of their dreams.

The native people must have had friendly intercourse with the Crusaders, for at one time a great number of them were Christians. Yet they were the guardians of the Moslem pilgrim's way; they policed the path from Kus to Aidhab. Crusade after Crusade ran its course, powers waxed and waned, and with the fall of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem the old ways were opened and the importance of Aidhab declined. From being one of the most important ports in the world it became a mere forwarding depot for Mecca.

#### A City Overthrown

As thoroughly as Rome destroyed Carthage the Turks destroyed Aidhab. They pulled down its walls, overthrew its buildings, demolished its water supply. Such inhabitants as were not destroyed in battle were carried captive to Suakin, whose women and children murdered the survivors.

The town has never recovered; it is one with the plain. The people of the surrounding lands are as wild as the animals they tend, still remarkable for a picturesque physical beauty of reddish tinge, but with their abundant hair, dressed fantastically upon the head, reeking with the rancid fat and butter with which they drench it.

Aidhab, once so famous, knows its children no more. It is a wreck of dis-

## BUYING ON CREDIT

### MODERN BUSINESS METHODS

How Thrifty People are Helped to Save

### HOMES ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN

The wonderful progress of the United States in recent years has been accompanied by a gigantic growth of selling goods on the instalment system.

Over a quarter of a million people have taken delivery of Ford cars on the Ford weekly purchase plan, and nearly all trades in America now sell goods in this way. Houses, furniture, pianofortes, saxophones, gramophones, washing machines, clothing, and even funerals are paid for at so much a week.

It is estimated that in 1925 goods to the value of 6000 million dollars were bought in this way by American citizens, and the system of credit-buying is still merrily expanding.

This method of doing business is strongly condemned by some and strongly supported by others. The critics ask what will happen if there should come a spell of bad trade and reduced wages, and they say that people of small means are tempted to buy far more than they ought to buy, and often get themselves into grave difficulties. They say it is not good that a large section of the population should live in a continual condition of indebtedness, with their incomes pledged in advance.

#### Buying the House

On the other hand, the friends of the system say it helps people of small income to obtain things which otherwise they could never command.

This is certainly true of houses. It is very difficult for a person of small means to buy a home save by instalments, and if a man enters into a contract to pay a monthly sum to purchase the house he lives in he is less likely to squander income on trifles.

The truth seems to be, as in so many other matters, that everything depends on degree. If a regular portion of a small income is devoted to buying things worth having it is all to the good if the terms are fair; if an income is recklessly pledged in buying cheap luxuries at high rates of interest it is deplorable. The American credit-buying is a mixture of good and bad.

#### Fine Work of Building Societies

In England the instalment system is also widespread. British building societies have done splendid work in enabling people to buy their homes, but agents, familiarly known as tally-men, haunt poor streets and persuade people to buy cheap finery, generally rubbish, at high prices concealed in weekly instalments. The writer has heard of four or five tally-men collecting weekly instalments at one house. In such cases the prices charged are often very high, to cover the risks of loss and the heavy cost of sending round tally-men to collect the money.

How true it is that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives!

Continued from the previous column

honoured tombs and dry cisterns; and these are to be found only by the excavator. He is a bold man who would pitch his tent there now at night. The land crabs, which are the lords of the scene, eat not only carrion and vegetation; they gnaw the flesh of men who sleep or are too ill to avoid their murderous attacks.

Three Ages have passed over Aidhab: the Aidhab the Greek writers knew; the Aidhab from whose port sailed the ships of the Moors who conquered Spain and were the schoolmasters of their Age; and the Aidhab which now lies in ruin and oblivion, tenanted by land crabs.

## A STOWAWAY STORY

### Why a Captain Put Into Nova Scotia

A lively tale of the sea is told by Captain Romano, of the Italian steamer Dori, from which 150 uninvited Sicilians landed at Mill Cove, Nova Scotia, the other day.

The captain was three days out from an Algerian port with a cargo of iron ore for Philadelphia and, as he thought, no passengers. A storm, however, brought from their hiding-place no fewer than 150 stowaways.

The captain told them they could not land at Philadelphia and offered to put them off on the Spanish coast, which was still in sight. They refused, and ordered him to proceed; but on their approaching Philadelphia the American patrol boats frightened them, and they ordered him to move on northward to a Canadian port.

Meanwhile the ship ran out of provisions, and the stowaways seized the launch and went ashore, only to be rounded up by the police.

Then the unfortunate captain was arrested and ordered to await his trial on a charge of attempted breach of the Canadian immigration laws!

## THE RHINO IN THE NIGHT

### Camp Experiences in East Africa

Big game hunting by zoologists is a very different thing from the hunting by so-called sportsmen.

Dr. William Mann and his friends have been hunting in the Tanganyika Territory on behalf of the Smithsonian Institution for live specimens for the American National Zoological Park. So far they have collected hyenas, giant civet cats, a magnificent pangolin, a rare wild cat, forty monkeys, a dozen antelopes, and a big collection of birds. Three leopards have been caught in traps made from crates, and three young zebras were caught by chasing a herd till the young ones fell behind.

The one failure so far has been with rhinoceros. In the encounters with these fearsome beasts the rhinoceros seems to have done most of the chasing. The camp was rushed by them four times, always at night. The one idea of the native carriers on these occasions was to dive into the white men's tents; the one idea of the white men was to get out of them. Waking up in pyjamas to run away from a rhinoceros must have been an exciting experience.

## LATE NEWS FROM ASSYRIA

### Delayed by the War

A war prize has just reached home, returned by its captors.

Just before the war 440 cases of tablets excavated at Assur, the old capital of Assyria, were dispatched by German archaeologists to Berlin.

They formed a unique collection of Assyrian inscriptions of the greatest historical value. It is believed that they illustrate the development of civilisation in the valley of the Tigris during three or four thousand years.

During the journey home the war broke out, and to avoid capture the German captain put into Lisbon. But Portugal afterwards entered the war, and the ship and its precious cargo were seized as a prize. At the peace Portugal had an idea of using the inscriptions as a nucleus for a new museum at Lisbon, but the idea was given up and the cases were forwarded to Berlin, where they have now arrived, twelve years late.

They will now be studied by experts, and it is hoped they have not been damaged by the delay.

## THE OUT-OF-WORK ARMY

### Nearly a Million a Week Paid Out

### YOUNG MEN WHO DO NOT LIKE WORK

The Ministry of Labour has been reporting on how the fund is going on out of which unemployment benefits are being paid.

Last year over 45 million pounds was paid out, much of which had been subscribed by employers and workers; but with unemployment so widespread and so prolonged many workers have not been able to pay anything, and in their case there have been no employers to help, so that the State has had to find all the money needed in a vast number of cases.

That is why the Unemployment Fund is now in debt to the Government to the extent of nearly eight millions. Many people would have expected the debt to be much greater, and that it is not is a signal proof of the soundness of the scheme.

#### Domestic Service More Popular

Of course, unemployment benefit presents many temptations to laziness and fraud, but the authorities are constantly on the watch. About 170 people were prosecuted every month last year for misrepresentations. Over 440,000 applications referred to the Chief Insurance Officer were disallowed, but payments were made to nearly a million people. The largest number of disallowances were due to applicants being considered not to be genuinely looking for work, while many others had left work of their own accord.

Among young men and women particularly a weakened desire for employment and a slackness in seeking work have been discovered.

Curiously enough while the report says there is still a shortage of domestic servants it also states that there are still nearly 350,000 domestic servants on the unemployment registers! Domestic service is said to be more popular than it used to be, however.

## A CASTLE FOR A MUSEUM

### Great Lady's Great Gift

A correspondent of the C.N. in Hungary told us some months ago how, out of its poverty, the Hungarian National Museum was obliged to sell the second copies of its rare books to buy others.

Now he writes joyfully to tell us that this is no longer necessary. His beloved museum is now the richest institution in the country.

What has happened? The widow of Count Alexander Apponyi, a member of the great family which succeeded the Kossuths in the leadership of Hungarian Nationalism, has presented her estate to the museum, with its beautiful castle and a library containing a magnificent collection of ancient documents and other antiquities.

The countess wished the gift to be anonymous, but that was scarcely possible, and all she can do now is to refrain from reading newspapers so as not to see their praises of her generosity. We fear, therefore, that she will not read this copy of the C.N., but we pass on our greeting to her nevertheless.

## FOOD FROM THE SKIES

The fourth successive supply of provisions has been dropped by an aeroplane for the occupants of the observatory on Mont Blanc.



October 9, 1926

## The Children's Newspaper

9

## CLEANING UP THE DARK PLACES

### The City Tackles a Difficult Problem

#### LONDON'S VALUABLE SQUARE MILE

The Corporation of the City of London rules over one square mile, the most valuable square mile in the world, perhaps.

Most of it is devoted to banks, public buildings such as the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, and the Baltic Exchanges, and thousands of offices, great and small, in which thousands of important transactions take place every minute of the working day. The population of the City during working hours is something like a million, whereas at night-time the square mile is almost deserted.

However, there is one corner within the City boundaries where a large population lives under conditions which the City Fathers can no longer tolerate. This is the Ward of Portsoken, and a hundred years ago wealthy merchants had their houses here. Since those days, among the warehouses and shops lying between Houndsditch and Middlesex Street, there has grown up a rabbit warren of insanitary dwellings which have been a menace to public health for generations. Hitherto it was impossible to deal with the situation. Now, largely owing to the insistence of Dr. Howarth, the medical officer, part of this area is to be pulled down and rebuilt, and the problem of finding a home for the displaced has been solved by a scheme of rehousing which will be completed in about a year.

#### New Homes for the People

The City Fathers have had to go outside their own boundaries to find room for the 600 poor people who will be moved out of two black spots of the City which are now definitely classed as insanitary areas, and a place has been selected at Shepherdess Walk, City Road, where a fine block of buildings is to be put up at the cost of £120,000.

Here the former slum-dwellers of Portsoken will be housed in a manner far beyond their experience. There are to be 104 flats in the new building, comfortable and clean, with hot water and electric light and baths, and all things which make it possible to live a decent life.

What a change from the squalor and misery and darkness and bad smells of the past to these light and pleasant homes of the future! And what a relief to the City Fathers to be rid of their two black spots!

## DISCOVERY UNDER A RAILWAY TRACK

### Abbey Ruins in a London Suburb

It is proposed to transform the site of old Merton Abbey, not far from the Morden end of the new Tube, into a public garden.

So thoroughly was Merton Abbey destroyed at the Dissolution that even its situation was uncertain until recently. It was but a name. Now, owing to the devoted work of Lieut.-Colonel H. F. Bidder, of Mitcham, it is possible to say that the church was built on the plan of Bristol Cathedral, and its general outline has been disclosed.

When it is stated that the site was covered partly by waste land strewn with goose-grass, partly by a factory, partly by a road, and partly by a railway station, some idea may be gleaned of the difficulties of its rediscovery.

Merton Abbey received its charter early in the twelfth century, but was probably founded earlier still; and its historic interest is considerable.

## 90 FEET UNDER A RIVER

### Waters Playing Hide-and-Seek

#### AN EXPLORATION IN DERBYSHIRE

The beautiful little River Manifold, a tributary of the Dove, dries up over five miles of its course in all but the wettest seasons of the year.

It is a generation and more since Sir Boyd Dawkins convinced himself that there were great underground caverns and lakes beneath the dry bed of the stream, into which its waters discharged themselves. Now a well-known Derbyshire archaeologist, the Rev. G. H. Wilson, a Methodist Minister, has been exploring them with his son.

Everyone who has travelled by the Midland Railway will have a vivid memory of the journey up the valleys of the Derwent and the Wye and Miller's Dale. The Manifold is over the hills to the south-west of these, in a yet wilder part of what we call the Derbyshire Hills but actually in the county of Staffordshire.

The river disappears at Darfur Crag, and there a hole has been found with a sheer drop of 60 feet. The explorers were let down by a rope and found a passage running under the river bed, at the end of which they found a considerable sheet of water, moving slowly, with a waterfall tumbling into it. They estimate that they were then 90 feet below the river bed. More elaborate preparations will be necessary before this underground world can be fully explored.

The river returns to the surface in the grounds of Ilam Hall, a mile above its junction with the Dove. Another river, the Hamps, disappears farther west and reappears in the same grounds only 15 yards away, though its normal bed on the surface joins the Manifold three miles higher up, near Beeston Tor.

## ACROSS A CONTINENT

### From Darwin to Adelaide by Car

Crossing Australia by car is becoming as common as swimming the Channel.

The latest victors are Dr. Allan McKay and Mr. Barney Woods, who have just covered the two thousand miles from Darwin to Adelaide in six days eighteen hours.

The tropical lands at the beginning of their journey and the country of the great lakes toward the end must have presented contrasting scenes of beauty to the travellers, assuming that they had time to take their eyes from the speedometer and the track. But the wild plains and sandhills of the middle part of the journey must have been monotonous in the extreme, in spite of occasional glimpses from the car of the camps of Aborigines.

## BERLIN'S NEW WIRELESS TOWER

Berlin has just brought into use a new tower for broadcasting.

Though only 430 feet high, against the Eiffel Tower's 984 feet, it is very much lighter in comparison, for while the Eiffel Tower weighs 7300 tons, the Berlin radio tower weighs only 400 tons, and yet is expected to be equally stable, which shows how greatly this style of architecture has progressed since 1889.

At the top is a look-out gallery, and below it is a square room with glass sides. Lower down, but still 200 feet from the ground, is a restaurant big enough to hold two hundred people.

There is a lift all the way up, besides a ladder with 650 rungs. The studios, with accommodation for a big orchestra and chorus, stand on ground close by.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

### The Passing of Tennyson

On October 6, 1892, Tennyson died.

He had been talking to Dr. Dabbs about death, and about "What a shadow this life is, and how men cling to what is after all but a small part of the great world's life." Then Dr. Dabbs told him (for his interest was always keen in the lot of lowly men) of an incident that had lately happened.

A villager, ninety years old, was dying, and had so much pined to see his old bedridden wife once more that they had carried her to where he lay. He pressed his shrunken hand upon her hand, and in a husky voice said to her, "Come soon," and soon after passed away himself.

My father murmured "True Faith," and the tears were in his voice. Suddenly he gathered himself together and spoke one word about himself to the doctor, "Death?" Dr. Dabbs bowed his head, and he said, "That's well."

He then spoke his last words, a farewell blessing to my mother and myself. For the next hours the full Moon flooded the room and the great landscape outside with light; and we watched in solemn stillness. He was quite restful, holding my wife's hand, and as he was passing away I spoke over him his own prayer, *God accept him! Christ receive him!* because I knew that he would have wished it. TENNYSON'S SON

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

#### Do Earwigs Fly?

Yes; they have wings of remarkable size and beauty, and are very active in the air.

#### Do Beetles and Worms Lay Eggs?

Yes; their time of laying varies according to the creature and whether the season is hot or cold, but most of them lay in the summer months.

#### What are the Values of Gold, Platinum, and Tin?

The prices vary, but at the time of writing they are: gold, £4 5s. an ounce; platinum, £23 10s. an ounce; tin, £295 a ton.

What are the Ingredients of Quartz? Chemically quartz is the dioxide of the non-metallic element silicon, so that it is made up of oxygen and silicon, and its chemical formula is SiO<sub>2</sub>.

#### When Does the Cherry Tree Flower and When are the Cherries Ripe?

The cherry tree often flowers as early as March 12, though in late seasons not till April 22. An average date for cherries in England to be ripe is June 27.

#### What is the Origin of the Saying Tell It to the Bees?

This saying is a relic of an old superstition that when the master of a house dies the bees must be informed of the fact or they will desert the hive.

#### Why Cannot We Tickle Ourselves Properly?

The reason for the feeling in our skin is that we may know what is happening outside our bodies and may take steps to protect ourselves. When we know that we ourselves are touching the skin and that there is no need of protection the sensation is not required and is therefore not acute.

#### When and How Did Surnames Originate?

The surname, that is, the name borne in common by the members of a family, probably originated in the totem names of primitive races. Noble and landed families began to use surnames in the 12th century, and these were generally either territorial or else patronymic, that is, derived from the father with the addition of Fitz, meaning son, or some similar prefix.

#### Why is the Mirage Image Sometimes Inverted?

When a layer of air rests on another of different temperature and density the surface of contact often reflects light and acts as a mirror. If the surface is lower than the observer's eye the reflection resembles that produced by a body of water, and a mirage results. When the reflecting surface is above the eye it is like a mirror held face downward overhead, and the objects therefore appear inverted.

## JUPITER'S MOONS

### HOW TO SEE CALLISTO AND GANYMEDE

#### What a Pair of Field-Glasses Reveal

#### SHUTTING OFF THE GLARE OF CITIES

By the C.N. Astronomer

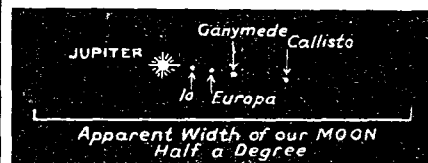
The early part of next week will afford a good opportunity for getting a glimpse of Callisto, Jupiter's fourth satellite, with the help of field-glasses.

This great moon, 3142 miles across, will then be to the right of Jupiter, at about one-third of our Moon's apparent width away.

The nights of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday will be the best to look for Callisto, for then its linear distance from Jupiter will be greatest. Though not the brightest of this great family of moons, and of only sixth magnitude, Callisto is the most easily seen, because it emerges farthest from the glare of the planet.

As Callisto is about 1,160,000 miles away from Jupiter we have an opportunity of seeing how long a million miles appears when seen from the distance of Callisto, which is now about 400 million miles away.

In seven or eight days' time this satellite will be visible on the left side of Jupiter; and after an interval of



Apparent extreme distances of Jupiter's chief satellites from the planet compared with our Moon's width

16 days it will be back where it is now, that being the length of time—16 days 18 hours 5 minutes—that it takes to revolve round Jupiter.

Ganymede, the third and largest of Jupiter's moons, may also be seen to the right of Jupiter on Tuesday night, but good binoculars or a telescope will be needed. For though brighter than Callisto and almost reaching fifth magnitude, owing to its apparent proximity to Jupiter it may be lost in his radiance. Observers on various occasions have declared that they have seen it, and as it will be between Callisto and Jupiter perhaps good sight aided by glasses may be rewarded.

It is, of course, quite possible, for the writer saw Ganymede quite easily and in moonlight on August 26 through field-glasses with two-inch lenses. Ganymede has a diameter of nearly 3500 miles, and is distant from Jupiter 664,000 miles, so it is three times as far as our Moon is from the Earth.

#### Picking Out Celestial Objects

Ganymede will be back in the same place, on the right side of Jupiter, in about a week's time, by the following Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and again a week later, and so on, because this moon revolves round Jupiter in about 7 days 4 hours. At mid-week intervals it will, of course, be on the left side of the planet.

A pair of field-glasses, such as can be bought second-hand for a few shillings, no matter how old, will greatly help in finding the numerous celestial objects which are near the limit of vision. Dwellers in towns will find that such glasses shut off the glare from the cities' artificial lights, and enable many an object to be easily found. With such glasses, provided the lenses are at least one and a half inches in diameter, the visible wonders of the heavens will be increased fivefold, with enhanced pleasure, during the coming dark evenings.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus low in the east. In the evening Jupiter south, Uranus south-east, Mars east.



# S.O.S.

## What Has Happened Before

Jim Selby receives a wireless call for help from the explorer Upton in Central Brazil. He begs Jim to get into touch with Professor Thorold.

Jim and his friend Sam Lusty at once start off, but soon find that they are going to have trouble with Stephen Gadsden.

## CHAPTER 4 Shoal Waters

THERE was a thoughtful frown on Sam's square face as he gazed at the launch.

"If it's Gadsden in that craft what do you reckon he's going to do to us, Jim?" he asked.

"Why, stop us, of course, you juggins! Surely you see that the one thing he must do is prevent us from reaching Thorold before he does?"

"Ay, but it's against the law to stop anyone like that," said Sam soberly.

"Much he'd care for that!" jeered Jim. "Anyhow, there isn't a vessel of any sort in sight, so there's nothing to stop him from doing as he likes."

Sam nodded.

"Then it's up to us to save ourselves the best way we can," he said. "I'll take the tiller, Jim, if you please."

He got up as he spoke and moved toward the stern of the boat.

"You're crazy," grumbled Jim; but all the same he shifted forward and Sam took the tiller.

The breeze had stiffened and the boat was moving at very nearly her top speed, but even that was not much compared with the pace at which the long, low launch, driven by her powerful engines, was racing up behind. Sam glanced once more at the launch, then looked eastward toward the land, where a long point ran out a mile or more into the sea.

Sharpstone Point it was called, and at its seaward end the waves broke white among a maze of shoals and sandbanks. At once Sam pulled the tiller over and turned the bow of the boat toward the Point.

"You're not going to land?" exclaimed Jim in dismay.

"Not unless we got to," replied Sam, and held on his course.

Jim shrugged his shoulders, but said no more. He himself was a pretty good hand, with a boat, but he was not ashamed to own that Sam was a better. Sam's father had been skipper of a coasting schooner and had been drowned at sea, and Sam had sailed since he could walk. No fisherman on the coast could get more out of a boat than Sam.

With the breeze almost astern the boat travelled at a great rate toward the Point, but Jim, watching the launch, saw that she, too, had changed course and was following them, so that there was no longer any doubt in his mind that she was chasing them.

As the little sailboat raced in toward the Point the roar of the surf became louder, but Sam held on serenely, driving straight toward the tumble of broken water which beat white upon the sands.

At last Jim could keep silent no longer.

"Are you trying to drown us, Sam?" he demanded. "The moment we touch ground we shall swamp."

"I wasn't reckoning to touch ground," said Sam. "With the tide as it is there's still three foot of water in the Crooked Channel."

"Man alive, you're not going to try the Crooked Channel?"

"Why not?" asked Sam. "It'll save us all of two miles, and give us that much start of Gadsden."

"It's a perfect death-trap," growled Jim. "I'd have brought a lifebelt if I'd known you were going to try a game of this sort."

"You won't need a lifebelt," Sam assured him; and just then the boat lifted to a big wave, and

## The Wireless Mystery By T. C. Bridges

Jim held his breath as she swooped toward a patch of weed-hung rock bared by the falling tide. But Sam was quite cool and, with a quick twist of the tiller, wrenched the boat round. She cleared the reef by less than half her length, and the spray broke over her in sheets as she breasted a second wave, then shot deftly into calmer water.

"Close call," muttered Jim, who was feeling rather shaky, wiping the spray from his eyes; but Sam merely hauled in the sheet and, with his eyes fixed on the narrow line of blue water, sent the boat flying up the channel.

He steered her in and out among reefs and sandbanks which twisted in the most confusing fashion, while the roar of the waves breaking over the shoals was deafening; but Sam paid no attention to the noise or the spray, and held on his course quite steadily. After a minute or two Jim began to feel better, so much better that he dared to take his eyes off the channel and glance back at the launch. He gave a gasp of dismay.

"She's following us," he said.

"I reckoned she would," Sam answered calmly.

"Then we're taking all this risk for nothing," said Jim bitterly. "Sit tight!" advised Sam, and as there was nothing else to do Jim took the advice, but he did not feel happy.

The launch was tearing up behind, gaining fast, and as she came closer Jim saw that Gadsden himself was steering. Gadsden was a tall, powerfully-built man, with a sallow, clean-shaven face and a big hawk nose, and he handled the launch with skill. Being much bigger than the sailboat, and well decked-in forward, the launch came safely through the outer reef, making better weather of it than the boat, and Jim's heart sank as he saw her shoot safely into the south end of the channel.

"If he catches us here we're in for trouble," he murmured to himself, and just then Sam swung the boat round another curve into a broader part of the channel, and Jim felt her keel grate harshly against the sand. But it was only a touch, and she drove off in safety. Yet the launch gained fast, and soon was so close that Jim could actually see Gadsden's face and that of the man with him. He recognised Gadsden's companion as Simon Harth, Gadsden's chauffeur, a small, wiry fellow who was always known as Silent Harth. He was of the cold Cornish mining stock, almost as dark as a Spaniard, with close-cut curly black hair. He was said to be as hard as nails and as unscrupulous as his master.

The tide had now turned and was running down the channel from the north, and this told against the boat, slowing her down considerably. What was worse, the wind was falling.

"Better stop!" shouted Gadsden, his big voice rising above the roar of the surf. "You can't get away."

"He's right, Sam," said Jim. "He'll be up with us in less than three minutes."

"Maybe," replied Sam briefly, but, so far from stopping, he hauled in the sheet and kept the boat on her course.

"Stop!" roared Gadsden angrily. "You have given me quite enough trouble already, and if I lose my temper—"

What the threat was Jim did not hear, for in the middle of the sentence the bow of the launch suddenly shot upward, jerking Gadsden back against the stern with a force that must have knocked the breath out of him. As for Harth, he did a sort of back somersault into the bottom of the boat, and lay with his legs in the air.

"She's aground!" shouted Jim.

"About time too," grunted Sam, and with the tide running down it'll be pretty near five this evening

before she gets off again. By that time we ought to be pretty nigh our journey's end."

As he spoke he turned the boat into a channel which led into deep water. Jim looked back at the launch. Gadsden and Harth were on their feet again, and both were working desperately with poles to get the launch afloat.

## CHAPTER 5 No Admittance!

SAM pointed to the great wall of stones which the sea had piled up all across the front of what was once a big bay, but is now the Westward Ho Golf Links.

"There's the Pebble Ridge," he said. "Appledore's just beyond, in the mouth of the river."

"A jolly good trip, Sam," declared Jim. "It's not five yet."

Sam chuckled.

"Gadsden's launch will be just beginning to float," he said. "I don't reckon he'll come on in the dark. Most like he'll go straight home."

"But what about that car of his?" asked Jim uneasily. "It must have got here hours ago."

"Yes; that's likely at Thorold's already, but if it's that secretary chap that Gadsden has sent I reckon we can put a spoke in his wheel."

The breeze was blowing fresh into the mouth of the big bay, and the boat lay over and spun along at a round pace. Jim was watching the shore when he noticed two boys running along the beach, waving their arms and shouting.

"What's up with those chaps, Sam?" he said. "I can't hear what they say, but it looks to me as if they are signalling to us."

"Some trick of Gadsden's man," growled Sam, holding to his course.

But Jim jumped up and, stepping forward into the bow, stood holding on to the mast and looking at the two boys on the beach. Both were now close to the water's edge, and one he saw was flinging off his clothes. The other was waving wildly and pointing out to sea.

Suddenly Jim gave a shout. "There's a chap in trouble in the water. Over there, Sam. I can just see his head."

"Right!" said Sam briefly, and at once turned the boat in the direction Jim and the boy ashore were pointing. He and Jim could just see a head bobbing among the waves and two arms wildly beating the water. Their owner had evidently been caught by the tide and was being swept out to sea.

"Quick, Sam!" cried Jim. "Quick, or we'll be too late! He's going under."

Sam hauled the sheet tighter still. "Doing all I know," he said breathlessly.

The boat lay right over, but just before she reached the spot where

the swimmer was struggling he flung up his arms with a strangled cry and vanished.

Jim did not hesitate for a second. He already had his coat and boots off, and now he made a great jump out of the boat, and, striking the water within a few yards of the spot where the swimmer had disappeared, dived. Sam flung the boat up into the wind, rapidly hauled down the sail, and got out the sculls. Quick as he was, the boat had drifted some distance before he had finished, and he was pulling desperately back when he saw Jim's head bob up nearly fifty yards away. There was a sharp little sea running, and Sam, glancing over his shoulder, saw that Jim had hold of the other fellow, but was having his work cut out to keep him up. Each wave broke over his head, and he was swimming with one arm only.

Sam pulled like a fury, and was in time, but only just in time. He grabbed Jim by the collar of his shirt just as he was sinking.

"Get this fellow in," panted Jim. "I can hang on."

The youth Jim had rescued was a tall, well-built lad of sixteen or seventeen, but he was quite limp and helpless, and, strong as Sam was, it was all he could do to haul him in over the stern, and by the time he had got Jim aboard the boat was half full of water. Jim began baling hard, and Sam pulled for the beach.

"Good for you!" cried one of the boys on the beach, as he waded out, laid hold of the boat, and pulled her in. "I say, you are toppers! We thought poor old Greg was done for."

"He's coming round," said Jim. "Do you chaps know anything about first-aid?"

"Yes, luckily we know all about that," was the answer, as the two boys lifted their friend out of the boat and carried him ashore.

"Then that's all right, Sam," said Jim. "And we'd best shift along. We haven't any time to waste if we want to beat that car."

Sam merely nodded, and in another few minutes they were bearing up for Appledore.

The rest of the journey went smoothly, and twenty minutes later the boat was berthed by the quay-side at Appledore, and the two boys, having inquired the way to Ludford, set out to walk briskly up the road.

Ludford was about a mile out of the town, and when they reached the drive gate they found a big, square, comfortable-looking house standing among fine trees a little way back from the road.

"I don't see a car," said Jim, as they reached the door. "Perhaps Gadsden's man is not ahead of us, after all."

"We'll soon know," replied Sam briefly, as he put his finger on the bell-push.

Almost at once the door was opened by a stout, sleek-headed little man, dressed in blue serge, who looked the two boys up and down with a very scornful air.

"Ho! So you've come!" he remarked sharply.

Jim, conscious of his sopping clothes and somewhat disreputable appearance, got rather red, but Sam was equal to the occasion.

"As you ain't blind you can see for yourself we've come," he answered. "Now, maybe, you'll tell us who you think we are, and what you've got against us."

"We know all right who you are," returned the other significantly, "and as for what we've got against you, all I can say is you'd best make yourselves scarce before I phone for the police. We know all about you!"

Jim pulled himself together.

"You can call the police if you wish to," he said with dignity; "but as we have done nothing wrong I can't see what you want them for. We have called to see Professor Thorold."

"Well, you won't see Professor Thorold," was the curt answer; and with that the sleek-headed man slammed the door in their faces.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Who Was He?

## The Most Famous English Painter

THE most famous of English painters was a Devonshire man born in 1723. He is foremost as an artist and most interesting as a great man.

On both his father's and his mother's side his immediate ancestors were clergymen. His aptitude for drawing, including portraits, was shown when he was quite a boy, and in his seventeenth year he began his apprenticeship to art.

A feature of his character was his attractive manners. Social popularity helped him everywhere and always. It gave him the great chance for which he longed, a chance of visiting Italy and studying Italian paintings. The captain of a warship, Augustus Keppel, afterwards an admiral and an earl, invited him to go there in his ship, and in Italy the young artist greatly extended his knowledge of art.

On his return to London he quickly became the most popular portrait-painter of his time. Finally he settled in a house in Leicester Square which now bears his name, and for many years continued painting portraits that numbered more than 2000. It is as a portrait-painter of men, women, and children that he is chiefly known.

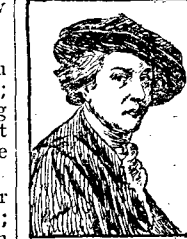
Throughout his life this amazingly industrious artist was also a great social and national figure. He founded the famous Literary Club, of which Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Gibbon, Boswell, and Sheridan were members, and was one of its chief members, honoured by all.

Also he joined in the popularising of art by the exhibition of pictures painted by living artists. These exhibitions were followed by the establishment of the Royal Academy, of which he was the first President, and in the next year, 1769, he was knighted.

This gave him a new distinction, for on the prize-giving days he delivered addresses on art to the students, and these addresses have made him a lasting literary reputation. So fine were they that people said they must have been written either by Burke or by Dr. Johnson. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, when taxed with giving the painter help in his discourses, "he would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him." In his last address he purposely arranged that the final words he used were the name of the greatest of all painters, Michael Angelo.

A year before he died, and was buried in St. Paul's, his sight

failed. He had been so deaf as to need an ear-trumpet ever since his visit to Italy. He will ever live as a great artist, a great friend, and a great and courteous gentleman. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





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October 9, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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## Honest Labour Bears a Lovely Face



### DI MERRYMAN

MR. SMITH: You look disappointed with that little parcel the postman has brought you.

Mrs. Smith: Yes; I saw an advertisement for a device that was guaranteed to keep down gas bills, so I wrote for one.

Mr. Smith: And what have they sent you?

Mrs. Smith: A paper-weight.

#### Heads and Tails

BEHEAD a fruit and leave a part of the body.

Curtail a plant and leave a spice. Behead a plant and leave to exist.

Curtail an animal and leave a serpent.

Behead a bird and leave to be unwell.

Curtail an aquatic mammal hunted for its skin and oil and leave a body of water.

Behead what a shepherd carries and leave a black bird.

Curtail a bird and leave to talk wildly.

Answers next week

#### Is Your Name Edkins?

EDKINS may mean the son of little Edward. "Kin" is what is called a diminutive, and the final s is a possessive given in describing a man's son. But Edward was not a common name when surnames were being formed, and Edkins more probably means son of little Eda or Edith. When a man married twice his second family were often called after their mother to distinguish them from the others.

#### Both of One Mind

PIPED a Bat, "I refuse to go out while this horrible sunshine's about!"

And an Owl who lived near Gave a hearty "Hear! Hear!" For he felt as the Bat did, no doubt!

#### According to Instructions

A LADY told her new maid, a country girl, to bring her some warm milk every evening. Mary came into the drawing-room that evening holding the glass of milk in her hand.

"You should not do that, Mary," said the mistress; "it is not the right way. Always bring it in on a tray."

The next evening Mary appeared again, looking rather puzzled, and carefully carrying a tray full of milk.

"I suppose you will want a spoon to drink it with, ma'am?" she said.

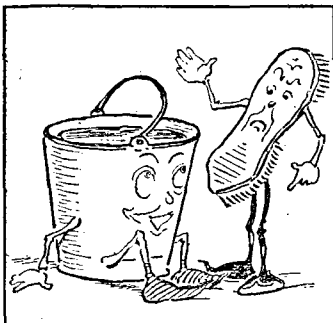
WHAT is the difference between a church bell and a pickpocket?

One peals from the steeple and the other steals from the people.

WHY is the letter E the greatest letter in the alphabet?

Because it is the beginning of Eternity, the end of Time and Space, the beginning of every end, and the end of every race.

#### Come-Alive Characters



The Shirker

THE Scrubbing Brush said, "Don't you see

That you're lazy as lazy can be? When our work we begin

You just sit there and grin, Leaving most of the labour to me!"

#### How to Get Into Debt

MR. BLACK met Mr. White in the street one day and asked if he could borrow five shillings.

"I'm afraid the only change I have is half-a-crown," said Mr. White, "but you are welcome to that."

Some time afterwards they met again, and Mr. White said:

"By the way, you owe me half-a-crown."

"Not at all," laughed Mr. Black. "You owe me half-a-crown. I asked you for five shillings and you only had half-a-crown."

WHY should a straw hat be more comfortable than any other? Because it is not felt.

#### What Is It?

IN the doorway but not in the room,

In the machine but not in the loom,

In the carpet but not in the mat,

In the cottage but not in the flat,

In the drizzle but not in the rain,

In the kernel but not in the grain,

In the biscuit but not in the cake,

In the sickle but not in the rake,

Its whole this puzzle if studied will show

An invention and hobby that all of you know.

Solution next week

#### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Riddle in Rhyme. Kennel

First, Second, and Third. Horse-man-ship

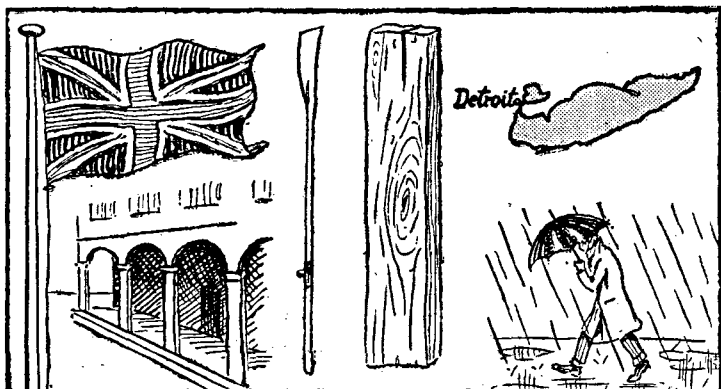
The Broken Proverb

Fine feathers make fine birds

A Picture Puzzle

St-oats, sp-arrow, lu-pin, sk-ewer, st-ring, br-ace, pl-ant.

#### A Double Acrostic in Pictures



Write down the names of the things in this picture, and you will find that the initials of the words spell the name of one of Nature's most beautiful works, and the initials spell the name of the place where it is often found.

Solution next week

### Jacko Drives a Train

JACKO wasn't at all pleased when his mother took him to see Aunt Matilda one afternoon, though Mrs. Jacko assured him that the visit wouldn't last long.

But when the time came to go home it was Jacko who didn't want to make a move. Aunt Matilda had provided a scrumptious tea, and he could hardly tear himself from all the lovely cakes. When at last Mrs. Jacko did get him away there was very little time to catch the train.

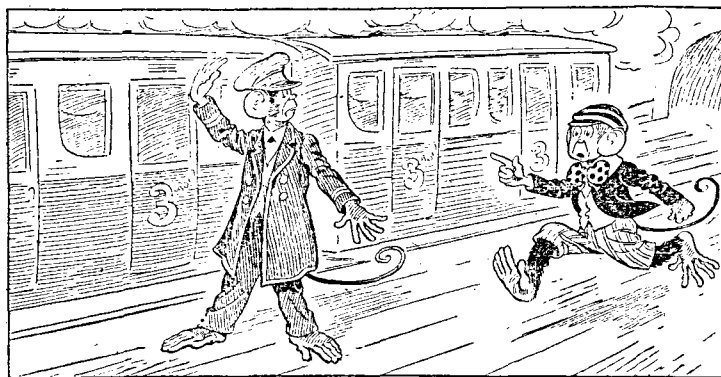
"We must hurry!" gasped Mrs. Jacko, clutching her umbrella and scurrying down the street. "There's the train! I can hear it whistling," she added. "Run on to the station, Jacko, and ask them to wait for me."

And so Jacko did. "Hi! Keep that train back a moment," he shouted. "My mother's just coming."

"Your mother should be here in time," said the station-master. "I can't run a special for her." And the train went off.

Jacko was wild; and so was Mrs. Jacko.

"It's too bad!" she gasped, quite out of breath, and she said she didn't know now when they would get home.



"I can't run a special for your mother," he said

But in a few minutes another train came into the station, and, although everybody got out and even the engine-driver went off, Jacko assured his mother that it was the right train.

"I'll see if my mother can't have a special!" he said to himself; and when he had settled Mrs. Jacko in one of the compartments he went off "to have a look at the engine."

And suddenly the train began to move out of the station.

Poor Mrs. Jacko was in a fearful way. She thought Jacko had been left behind. And when she leaned out of the window and saw the station-master waving his arms about and all the porters running about, she felt quite sure that something dreadful had happened.

When the train reached Monkeyville there was a lot more excitement, but Mrs. Jacko was so relieved at finding Jacko waiting for her on the platform that she didn't notice anything unusual. "I suppose you were in a different part of the train," she said to Jacko. "You seem to have got very dirty."

But Jacko seemed in a hurry to get away.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

#### The Two Cats

We have received this little study of cats from a South African reader.

We have two cats, a grey mother called Dinah and her black daughter named Chushan. Both have had kittens—Dinah two downstairs and Chushan four black ones upstairs.

Dinah, coming upstairs to visit Chushan, found her absent, and made off with one of her kittens.

That evening Dinah's own two were removed, in her absence, and drowned. Returning, and finding but one kitten, she went upstairs again and brought another down, so that there were now two kittens in each family.

This arrangement held good for a week; then the cats appeared to come to an understanding. Chushan brought both her kittens down to her mother's room, and the cats in turn cared for all four kittens.

#### Les Deux Chattes

Nous avons reçu d'un lecteur du Sud-Afrique cette petite étude sur les chattes.

Nous avons deux chattes, une mère de couleur grise, nommée Dinah, et sa fille, noire, elle, appelée Chushan. Toutes deux ont eu des petits—Dinah deux, au rez-de-chaussée, Chushan quatre petits noirs, au premier.

Dinah, venant faire visite à Chushan au premier étage, ne l'y trouva pas, et s'appropriâ un de ses petits.

Ce soir-là, profitant de l'absence de Dinah, on naya ses deux petits à elle. A son retour, ne trouvant qu'un seul petit, elle remonta au premier et en rapporta un autre, de sorte que chaque famille se composait désormais de deux petits.

Cet arrangement dura huit jours; puis les deux chattes firent entre elles une convention: Chushan descendit ses deux petits à la chambre de sa mère, et les deux chattes s'occupèrent tour à tour des quatre bébés.

Tales Before Bedtime

### Rissoles

BETTY was invited to spend her seventh birthday with Cousin Peter, and when she arrived in the big Hampshire garden her Aunt Molly asked her to choose what she would like best to do.

Betty knew, but she did not think there was much chance that she would be allowed to do the thing she longed to. But she said at once what it was. She said, "I want to cook two little rissoles for your hens!"

"Nothing easier in the world," said kind Auntie Molly, and Peter and Betty were allowed to gather wood to prepare a bonfire.

There was a lot of rubbish to burn, and it soon made a glorious flame.

In the happy family to which the children belonged there was an old frying-pan kept for all out-of-door work, and it was decided to make the birthday rissoles in that.

Betty went into the shed where the chicken food was kept in bins, and she and Peter got a quarter of a measureful of maize and some Sussex ground oats and some bran, and they stirred it with a spoon, and they mixed it with a little water, and they shaped it with their hands into flat cakes! Then these cakes were placed in the frying-pan, which Cook had rubbed over with a little grease.

How they frizzled! How happy Betty was watching them! She turned them when they were brown underneath with an old wooden spoon.

Mrs. Fair Rosamond and Mrs. Polly Flinders, the two hens, were celebrating their first birthday that very same day, so they were particularly pleased when Betty and Peter



The hens were pleased

brought them two delicious maizy rissoles; and they gobbled them up for their birthday dinner.

Then Betty and Peter went indoors for lunch; and when they had washed their hands what do you think they found waiting on the dinner table? Why, more rissoles! Lamb rissoles with delicious gravy.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

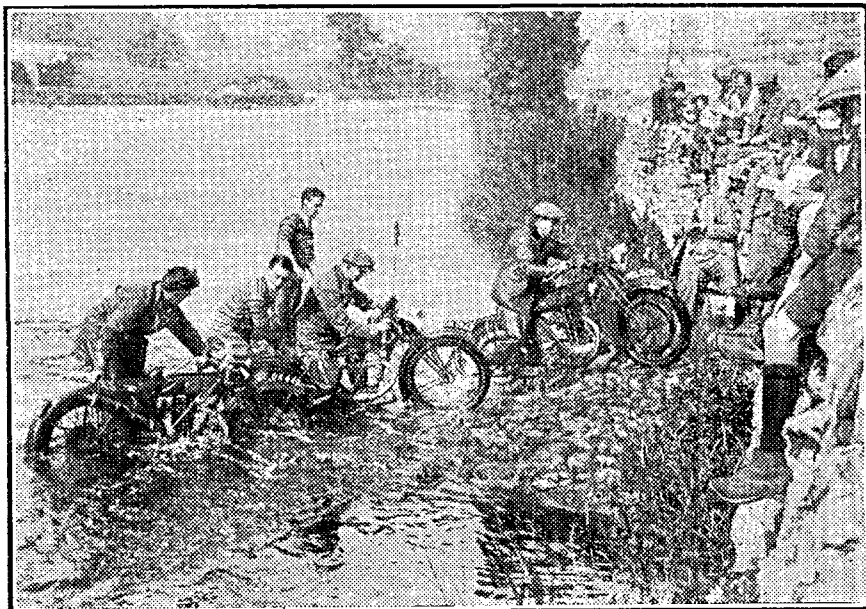
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 9, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

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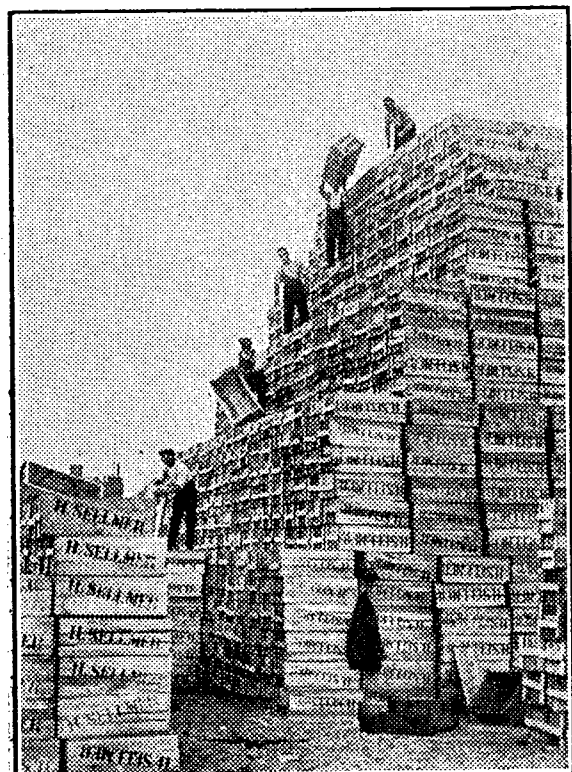
## A MOUNTAIN OF BOXES • TOMATO HARVEST • WHALE COMES TO LONDON



**A Difficult Ride**—The motor-cycle is the mule of the motor world, for it can go almost anywhere and stand almost anything. Here we see a number of motor-cycles being ridden through the water in a recent test in Yorkshire. The machines came well out of the ordeal



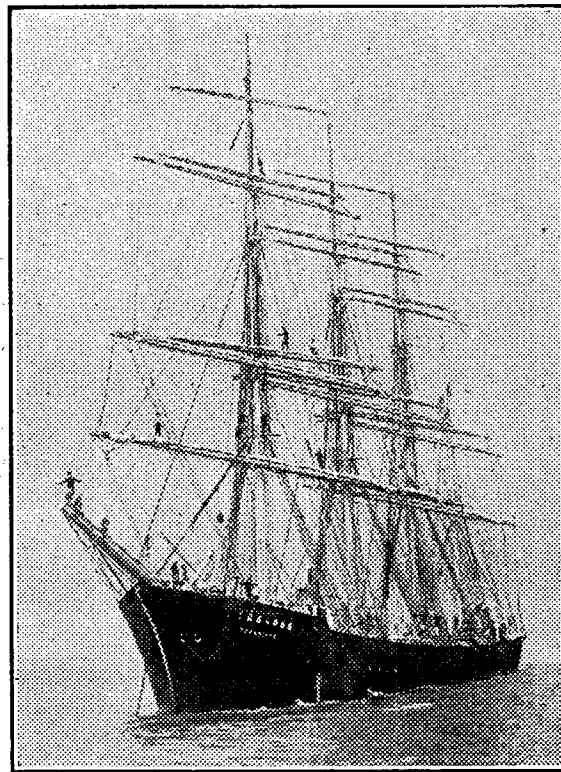
**A Chocolate for the Pet Lamb**—This pet lamb of Peterborough follows its owner about like a dog. It is six months old, and likes sugar, chocolates, and, in fact, all kinds of sweetmeats, for which it begs. Here it is receiving a chocolate while a number of amused children look on



**Preparing for the Herring Season**—Part of a stack of 15,000 boxes which have been prepared for the packing of herrings at Lowestoft. The boxes came by steamer from Norway, and when full will go back to the Continent



**Gathering the Tomato Harvest**—The tomato is constantly growing in favour, and enormous quantities are produced for the London market in the counties round the capital and in places as far distant as the Channel Islands, as shown here



**A Russian Training-Ship**—This training-ship, which flies the Soviet flag, was recently seen in English waters, having come to Portsmouth on her way to South America with a number of cadets, who are thus learning practical seamanship



**The Whale That Came to London**—A whale, weighing a ton and a half, washed ashore at Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire, was sent by road to the Natural History Museum in London, where it was dissected after a plaster cast had been taken, as shown in this picture. See Page One



**An Empire Terminus**—Canberra is the capital of the great Australian Commonwealth, but it is a new city in course of being built, and its railway station, shown here, has not yet reached the proportions of a great, busy terminus, being much more like a village station

## THE ANIMALS ARE FILLING THEIR CUPBOARDS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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